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APRIL 1944

The American Mercury

THE STATE OF GERMAN MORALE TODAY

Albin E. Johnson

THE NEW DEAL APPRAISED

Eric Johnston

BOSTON'S TEMPLE OF BURLESQUE

Stewart H. Holbrook

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

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CHENNAULT
Tiger of the Skies

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13 AGAINST THE ODDS, by Edwin R. Embree. \$2.75. *Viking*. Personality sketches of thirteen celebrated Negro Americans: Mary McLeod Bethune, Richard Wright, Charles S. Johnson, Walter White, George Washington Carver, Langston Hughes, Marian Anderson, W. E. B. Du Bois, Mordecai W. Johnson, William Grant Still, A. Philip Randolph, Joe Louis and Paul Robeson. The sketches are newspaper feature pieces rather than mature essays.

BELOVED SCIENTIST, by David O. Woodbury. \$3.50. *Whittlesey House*. World famous chemist, electrical engineer and teacher, Dr. Elihu Thomson, the subject of this biography, wielded a profound influence upon the science and industry of our times. Mr. Woodbury, unfortunately, writes of him in a manner that will repel most general readers. There is a rather superfluous foreword by Owen D. Young.

WINGATE'S RAIDERS, by Charles J. Rolo. \$2.50. *Viking*. Early in 1942 Brigadier, now Major General, Orde Charles Wingate and a small group of Empire troops made their way into Japanese-occupied Burma and wrought tremendous damage behind the enemy lines. Mr. Rolo describes this historic raid and its extraordinary leader — "a sword and Bible general" — with high effectiveness. There are several good illustrations, including excellent maps.

(Continued on page 502)



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The American MERCURY

THE STATE OF GERMAN MORALE TODAY

BY ALBIN E. JOHNSON

STOCKHOLM
WHAT goes on inside Germany, behind the barriers of steel and concrete, beneath the smokescreens of propaganda? Even neutral Sweden has only a hazy idea of the answer, though it has diplomatic and press representatives in the Nazi stronghold and the benefit of a continuous stream of people coming out of Germany. The writer, enjoying wide contacts of a sort valuable to a reporter, has questioned the most diverse types of men and women fresh from Hitlerland, and of course has read everything available. But he knows too well that press and eye-witness reports must be sifted and studied, facts separated from propaganda, honest

impressions from prejudice or wishful thinking.

What follows is based on careful inquiry, coupled with known facts and deductions. Some plain hearsay and conceivably a touch of Dr. Goebbels' propaganda may have crept into it. But it represents an objective attempt to sum up the popular feeling inside Germany today.

The people of Germany are hungry and ragged and cold and tired. They are unhappy and wretched. There is no enthusiasm except when special Nazi Party rallies are staged. These are growing fewer and fewer. The last Nazi ballyhoo, at this writing, came a fortnight before the first big bombing

ALBIN E. JOHNSON, a native of Kansas, is a veteran foreign correspondent. From 1919 to 1936 he worked for the United Press, the old New York World and other papers in Europe, then in the Far East. Since 1942 he has been freelancing for American magazines and newspapers in Finland and in Sweden.

of Berlin; and it was not much of a show even though the best cheer leaders were thrown into the campaign. The spontaneous *Gott-straff-England* psychology of the first World War is entirely missing. After the burning of Berlin, Goebbels breathed flames of hate and revenge. Yet few Berliners were seen shaking their fists at the skies and damning Churchill and Roosevelt. Instead they sat on the curbstones with their heads in their hands and showed what all correspondents and eye-witnesses described as "magnificent calm."

The people of Germany as a whole are *apathetic*. It is the apathy resulting from fifteen years of Nazi repression and indoctrination; eleven years of Nazi domination and lack of the normal comforts and pleasures of life; at least seven years of rationing of vital necessities; five years of war and two years of extreme want. But your average German is a well-disciplined person.

The Germans, as a mass, do not reason. More than any other people in Europe they act on the injunction that theirs is but "to do and die" without reasoning why. Leaders and individuals who indulge in the luxury of contemplation are described by persons familiar with them as thinking this way: Maybe we cannot win the war but so long as we fight there is a chance that we may not lose. . . . Our enemies are as tired as we are. . . . Unconditional surrender means slavery — the kind we have ourselves imposed on some conquered populations.

. . . We are one united people, while our enemies are of many races, religions, ideologies and conflicting aims and interests. . . . If we stick together, our enemies sooner or later will quarrel and fall apart. . . .

The German propaganda slogan is still "We WILL win!" The impression abroad that the country has reconciled itself to defeat is at least exaggerated. Dependable informants insist that there is singularly little defeatism even among the bombed-out, or Hitler's Children, as they are called in Austria and other regions to which they are sent. Those who have lost everything feel that they have nothing to gain by a loser's peace; their one hope is a victorious Germany, because Hitler has promised them land, homes and work in the New Order. Some of them have already had a foretaste of loot in properties given to them in Poland, Czechoslovakia and other occupied regions. Those who still have businesses and possessions believe that defeat will strip them of everything, perhaps even of their lives.

While prepared privately to admit that they cannot win, very few Germans even today believe that they will not get a compromise peace. They expect, at worst, a draw. On the whole they believe Hitler's incessant warnings that the fate of the Fatherland for the next thousand years depends upon the outcome of the war. Even if the United Nations were to define unconditional surrender, indicating a tolerable existence after the Nazis are overthrown, probably few

Germans would believe it; year after year they have been conditioned to accept all Allied promises with deep skepticism.

The capacity for physical suffering is far from exhausted in Germany. Rationing of all things is incredibly severe. Yet the food distributed is ample to sustain life, and other consumer goods are available to an extent sufficient to maintain a very low but tolerable standard of existence. People are hungry, very hungry, in some places. They complain and grumble, but the discontent does not as yet anywhere reach the dimensions of a protest.

The populace looks shabby, down-at-heel. But it matters less now that everyone wears old, worn, patched clothes. Only the Party *élite* are still swanky; the people generally concede that the leaders must keep up appearances. The Führer, they point out, dresses as simply as a private soldier. The shortage of such things as tooth brushes, toilet articles, shaving soap, makes the daily routine unpleasant, but apparently habit has made the deprivations bearable.

The authorities have been smart in making good on promises. When an announcement is made that certain commodities, or extra rations, are available and people queue up to receive them, the promised goods are always on tap. People who were in Hamburg and Berlin during and after the heavy bombings marvel at how little it takes to make a German forget his tribulations. In Hamburg the Nazis

gave out an extra ration of 200 grams of chocolate after the first blitz; after the second they gave all adults a half-pint of cognac. After the initial catastrophe in Berlin, every bombed-out resident received a jar of fish-paste, a small can of condensed milk, half a pound of fruit and fifty grams of coffee; in addition the men received thirty cigarets each, the women fifteen cigarets. People stood in queues all day long for these "presents from the Führer" and seemed as happy as children at Christmas.

II

In the rural districts the people do fairly well for food. Villagers can reach the farms for bartering. The farmers do not necessarily tell the authorities every time a hen lays an egg, or every time they trap a hare or shoot a deer. They do not forget their friends and relatives in the towns and cities. Also, they are not above some discreet trading in the black markets. The black market operates pretty much as Prohibition did in our own country in the mid-twenties. It is illegal, but nearly everybody indulges. A three or four pfennig cigaret brings as high as fifty pfennigs; a bottle of cognac sells for 200 marks; other prices are on a similarly inflated scale.

An interesting feature of German domestic economy that has developed immensely in the last year or so is bartering. The government has recognized the necessity for direct exchange of goods and is trying to super-

wise and control it. With money rapidly losing value, the new current of barter is the "vitamin." Food-stuffs are usually reckoned in "vitamin B" terms and other commodities, including soap, butter and other luxuries, in "vitamin M" units. People put crude evaluations on various items and make the exchange without benefit of currency.

What do the people of Germany think about in these difficult days? Observers who have lived among them for the past four years say they don't think. Those who do certainly keep their thoughts to themselves. Now and then a traveler gets under their skins. What he perceives is a vague despair, rather than any thought or hope of active revolt. A German who lives in Sweden visited her home in central Germany recently. She found that almost every family had lost a son, a father or some near relative. But all they had received was a curt War Office notice that their kin was "missing," and they begged the visitor, on her return to Sweden, to search the newspapers of certain dates to see if there had been anything about Russians taking prisoners in this or that sector.

As to the Nazi Party, so far as qualified observers have been able to report, there are no serious schisms in its ranks, at least in the inner circle that includes Hitler, Goering, Himmler, Goebbels, Ley, von Ribbentrop and their intimates. When the Nazis say that what happened politically in Italy cannot happen in Germany,

they are not merely boasting. Hitler is still the keystone of the Nazi structure and the others know that he is indispensable. They believe that if he falls, they fall. Despite the cruel years, Hitler retains the devotion of many millions, especially women and children.

It may seem contradictory that in a nation apparently so united behind the leaders the Gestapo finds it necessary, or desirable, to arrest and execute so many people for defeatism, sabotage and treason. Actually, relatively few have been executed, recent observers have assured the writer, but the Gestapo and the Propaganda Ministries have made Roman holidays out of those few. They are intended as demonstrations and as warnings. The announcements of death sentences stress that the victim is a farmer, an actor, a banker, a soldier, a butcher, a housewife, as the case may be, in order to show that Nazi justice is dispensed impartially and that the Gestapo has its eyes on *all* groups in the community. During the Berlin bombings the Gestapo boasted that looters were shot within three hours after their arrest.

Terrorism, in other words, is not reserved for occupied countries but available for domestic use. While undoubtedly much of the official terror is necessary, from the government's view, some of it is calculated for effect. One story concerns a German woman who dropped a five-pfennig coin in the street. A policeman helped her look for it, but having no success she said, "Oh, it's nothing, don't bother." She was arrested for degrad-

ing German money, the story has it. Men have been hanged for less.

A surprising number of Germans still believe, returning visitors agree, that Hitler and his Party can do no wrong. Individually, probably, few Germans would commit the crimes they have been guilty of collectively, such as systematic extermination of Jews, enslavement of millions of foreign workers, torture and death inflicted on the flimsiest provocation; but when done in the name of the Party for the *Vaterland* any horror seems to them purified.

The Army and the Gestapo are Germany's backbone, but the Nazi Party is still its brain. To expect the Reichswehr to overthrow Hitler at the present stage is sheer self-delusion. The Prussian hierarchy is there, but it is now a Nazi-Prussian hierarchy. Hitler and his associates have out-Prussia'd the Prussians. There is no reason for crediting the belief, widespread outside Germany, that it is Hitler who is held responsible for the reverses suffered in Russia and Africa, or that the General Staff considers him to blame. The General Staff has never been subservient to Hitler's intuitions, according to neutral military observers; on the whole, they declare, he has imposed his military views on the generals no more and no less than the civilian heads of other belligerent nations. The generals, they say, feel themselves in the same boat with the Nazis even to a larger degree than their kind were in the same boat with the Kaiser in the first World War.

In short, the Nazi Party is still quite intact; the German people, though far from ardent, are still united behind the Party; the Army still believes it will not lose, even if it cannot win the war. To the mass of Germans the "superiority" of the German soldier is axiomatic, the superiority of the German race a kind of religion; and the ability of the people in bombed cities to "take it" has not been disproved.

More to the point is whether German industry can "take it." The consensus of opinion, among foreigners and Germans who can be reached and who will talk in neutral places like Stockholm, is that Germany reached her normal production peak a year ago. She has considerable reserves and the exploitation of occupied territories has been intensified. It is the fixed policy of the Labor Ministry to replace every German called to the front with a foreign laborer. Yet there is a definite shortage of manpower and a general decline of efficiency. Effective though bombing has been, it is assumed by returning observers that the Nazis have taken care to disperse many of their vital war industry plants.

The writer feels justified in stating, from all that can be gathered here, that undue optimism would be largely unfounded; that those who expect internal German explosions are probably deluding themselves. There is only one safe conclusion justified:

Germany must be beaten in combat. Not decay of morale but complete military defeat will take the Germans out of this war.

THE NEW DEAL APPRAISED

BY ERIC JOHNSTON

ARE you *for* the New Deal or *against* it?

Though the question makes no sense, few sensible Americans will refrain from answering it. Most of them, in fact, will proffer a categorical answer with the emphasis of fervor normally reserved for a discussion of the virtue of one's mother. Approval and denunciation are usually of the blanket type — despite the fact that few New Deal leaders can themselves adequately define the phrase; and despite the fact that the more excited anti-New Dealers who attempt a definition peter out in cuss-words.

All of which is proof that more heat than light is brought to a consideration of the subject. We might almost say that the New Deal is a state of mind, rather on the inflamed side too, on the part of those who opposed no less than those who sponsored it.

Corner an ardent but honest opponent of the New Deal and demand a point-blank decision on whether the New Deal should be scuttled. It will

soon appear that he will wish to save any number of principles, laws, agencies and even individual officials from the general demolition. He may even concede that certain actions and policies which he condemned at white heat when first proposed by some Washington brain-truster have turned out better than he feared.

By the same token, most honest New Dealers will admit that the Great Experiment launched in 1933 has brought a variety of abuses and dangers in its wake. They may explain and alibi the mistakes, the excesses of bureaucracy, the concentration of unprecedented authority in the hands of appointive officials, the dangerous appeals to group feelings. But they will not necessarily approve such things.

The fact is that there is no fixed body of beliefs or policies that can be accurately described as the New Deal. It has rarely been the same at any two points in its tempestuous career. There is an old New Deal of the early NRA epoch, a new New Deal of the

ERIC JOHNSTON, as the dynamic president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, has made himself spokesman for a refreshingly progressive business viewpoint. By general acclaim his has been the most sensible defense of American free enterprise as a unique way of life. He has just brought together his views in a book: *America Unlimited*, which is scheduled for publication in April under the joint imprint of Doubleday, Doran and THE AMERICAN MERCURY. This article, in somewhat expanded form, will constitute a chapter in the book.

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present war period, and any number of intermediary embodiments of the rubbery term. It is notorious that many vehement New Dealers at one stage have emerged as the most furious anti-New Dealers in a later stage. To credit this to purely personal motives would be ungenerous and untrue; not these men but the New Deal itself had changed its character in respects which these men considered vital. While private piques may play a part in these conversions, the phenomenon is also proof of the contradictions at the heart of the New Deal. It is not without some significance, moreover, that the New Deal, though generally championed by "liberals," has been most thoroughly attacked and debunked by liberals like John T. Flynn, Raymond Moley, Benjamin Stolberg and others.

I have found, in many years of discussion and analysis of the Roosevelt Administration policies, that there is more opposition to its methods than to its objectives. In a great many instances, indeed, there is more distaste for the men than for either their methods or their purposes.

By this time there are few socially-minded American leaders who deny that many of the reforms initiated by the New Deal had been long overdue. The more candid among them will acknowledge that many of the changes would have been put into effect by any other Administration. They were "in the cards." Only the hectic prosperity of the pre-New Deal years and the smugness it had induced post-

poned legislation and recognition of society's obligations to its citizenry that were inevitable in any case.

The main evil of the New Deal period, in my view, was its spirit of vendetta, its refusal to explore and exploit areas of agreement. Mr. Roosevelt and most of his lieutenants took their stance on the heaving margins of difference and mutual suspicions. It was that which made their aim erratic and surrounded their every act — including the most laudable and sensible — with a feverish atmosphere of crusading, do-or-die class warfare.

The New Dealers were not alone to blame for this ugly situation. Many of the "antis" happen to be as gifted and as passionate in making quarrels as Mr. Roosevelt himself, which is saying a lot. Our very traditions of free speech and uninhibited mud-slinging served as guarantees that the fracas would be loud and lively — and it has been. The business-baiters and the Roosevelt-haters proved equally lusty fellows. The American, as Hitler and Tojo are discovering, is a mighty scrapper, whether in foreign or domestic conflicts.

II

Quarrels always explode around symbols, and the most potent of these was Franklin Delano Roosevelt himself. Not since Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln, I suppose, has any President of the United States been so execrated and so glorified by his own generation. At the risk of up-

setting the metabolism of my more unbending anti-FDR friends, I want to confess a robust, non-partisan admiration for him.

Long before I met Roosevelt and worked on some of his wartime committees, I was impressed by his energy, skill and earnestness, roughly in the order named. As an opponent he seemed to me worthy of any man's mettle. The relish that he brought to a fight, even when he was indubitably on the wrong side, as in the notorious court-packing episode, was something for a spirited American to marvel over. Nor am I the only anti-New Dealer who harbored a sneaking pride in his dynamic, fighting qualities.

No man looks the same in close-up as he did at long range. Mr. Roosevelt is neither a monster nor a miracle man, but a highly capable citizen called to leadership in our nation's most trying hour in this century. Many a bitter opponent drawn by circumstances into close contact with him has turned into an admirer — the famous Roosevelt "charm" is usually cited in explanation. An even larger number of ardent admirers, after too much close contact with him, have turned into bitter opponents — the famous Roosevelt "guile" is cited in explanation.

There are, it seems to me, three Roosevelts, one impinging on the other.

There is Roosevelt the man, as fine a specimen as our country has produced. Born into wealth and family, he is a democrat to his fingertips, with a genuine sympathy for the underdog.

No one who has known him intimately doubts the sincerity of his social conscience. Friend and foe alike must be thrilled by the courage and the spiritual vigor that conquered physical handicaps which would have laid lesser men low. Though there is more than a touch of the snob in his heritage and make-up, he meets all men as equals, whatever their race, creed or station. There is nothing remotely stuffed-shirt about him. He talks easily and racily — on occasion excessively, I must add — in man-to-man spirit. He laughs easily and contagiously, and with equal exuberance whether his friends or his enemies are the butt of the joke.

Let me put this first Roosevelt, the man, into the most elementary terms I can find. If he were not President but your next-door neighbor, an associate in your business, or a casual Pullman acquaintance, you couldn't help liking him. You'd decide that you want him as a friend, because he is an interesting, amusing, and authentic personality.

Secondly, there is Roosevelt the politician. Unless you have a special taste for such things, you would be decidedly less enthusiastic about this one. It is, as a matter of fact, the cunning, conniving politician rather than the man who has been so successful in transforming enthusiasts into detractors: Hugh Johnson, Raymond Moley, Joseph Medill Patterson, Stanley High, James Farley — the list could be extended into at least a prominent score.

Roosevelt understands and enjoys the game of politics as other men enjoy their favorite sport, and he has no more conscience about toppling over an opponent than a half-back in the throes of a hotly contested game. He has the shrewdness and a lot of the ruthlessness of the political adept. He thinks in deals, bargains, blocs of votes and pressure groups as naturally as you and I, if we are both business men, think in terms of markets, costs, overheads, profits and losses. There are few men in public life, I venture to say, more skilled in dangling the carrot of promises before the eyes of plodding political donkeys. And he is not a man to hang around too long with a lost cause.

Finally, there is Roosevelt the President. In that capacity, I am convinced, he has as keen a sense of the sacredness of his position and the magnitude of his responsibility as any of his predecessors. Those who doubt this are, I fear, unmindful of the psychological effect the Presidency has on a man. I do not believe that any man invested with the dignity of the greatest office in the world could fail to respond to its challenge, or be less than a total patriot. The very title of President of the United States of America works its magic over the most self-centered and mediocre men — and Franklin Roosevelt is neither of these.

He has an acute sense of his own place in history, and of his obligations to coming generations. In talking to him I have sometimes had the feeling that he was stepping back a few dec-

ades and looking at himself in the perspective of time. Men who knew Woodrow Wilson intimately have told me that this trait was especially strong in the Princeton President as White House incumbent. Perhaps it is one of the “occupational diseases” associated with the office; but it has its wholesome side, in that it makes a man President first — Democrat, Republican, New Dealer or what-not second.

Small wonder that these three Roosevelts, confined in one vigorous personality, jostle one another and contradict one another. The politician intrudes on the President, the President reproves the politician, the man brushes them both aside. They dispute one another and strike compromises, to the confusion of admirers and critics alike. The President soars to peaks of patriotism; the politician condescends to vituperation and small vengeance that grieve his friends; the man shows streaks of generosity, horseplay, pettiness, vanity, like all sons of Adam. Had Roosevelt been more the statesman-President and less the politician, his administration might have been less embittered, his reforms on a more constructive and more enduring level.

III

We have heard it said again and again that the New Deal, for all its nasty cracks about economic royalists, was really on the side of private enterprise. It was “saving” capitalism from

the consequences of its own mistakes.

For doting parents sadly administering a much needed spanking to a wayward child, they put rather too much force behind the blows and seemed to get altogether too much fun out of hearing the brat yell with pain. Yet it is a fact that there were many in the New Deal hierarchy who believed in the basic validity of the individualist way of life. They looked on various measures as harsh medicines for a very sick patient.

But these were distinctly a minority. The great mass of officials who surrounded the President, who headed up new boards and commissions, who staged inquisitorial hearings, can be divided in two main categories:

First, there were those who loved the patient and would have liked to see him make a full recovery but simply did not believe he had what it takes. He might remain alive, but as a chronic invalid, subsisting on government pills and getting around with the aid of official crutches. They regarded the system as "mature," its reserves exhausted, its "frontiers" closed forever. They were the defeatists and their name was legion.

Secondly, there were the New Dealers who never did like the patient, made no bones about their sentiments, and wanted only to speed up his demise. In their eagerness to have the job finished and over, they pronounced burial prayers rather prematurely.

These were the collectivists, socialists, communists, super-planners

who looked upon business as an enemy to be destroyed. They regarded capitalism as a system of "exploitation" and businessmen as "parasites." They did not take office with a view to easing the tension of a difficult period, or curing capitalist ills. The crisis of depression seemed to them a God-given opportunity to deliver the *coup de grâce* to what they considered a decrepit and tottering system.

They exulted over the coming new order of controlled economy, and shamelessly used their powers to repress private initiative, to discourage financial recovery, and to undermine faith in the American idea of economic freedom. These collectivists made little if any pretense of good will towards the "expiring" order.

Unfortunately these anti-capitalist, big-government boys set the tone and fixed the temper of the New Deal in the heyday of its rule. Theirs were the campaigns that gave the New Deal all appearance of a continuous pitched battle against the alleged "money powers." In any dispute between capital and labor, their decision usually favored labor; in any dispute between moderate and communist-controlled labor, their decision usually favored the latter.

The collectivists did not dominate the New Deal as a whole, but only some of its departments and activities. They did, however, succeed in giving the entire political show their special coloration — the color of class conflict. They succeeded in closing all doors to business cooperation with

government and with labor, stressing conflicts and denying every normal identity of interest.

I stress this point because one must draw a distinction between the social ameliorations attempted or accomplished by the Roosevelt administration and the spirit in which these measures were introduced and administered. In the atmosphere of hostility and mutual recrimination it was too much to expect that business would risk new enterprise, or that investors would risk their accumulated capital. It was an atmosphere conducive to economic paralysis. Why venture when venturing was being denounced from a thousand public rostrums as anti-social and almost criminal? Why build up a surplus when another arbitrary decree by another exponent of the new socialized order could wipe it out with one stroke of the pen?

IV

The most serious count against the New Deal, in my view, is its rash defiance not only of the form but the spirit of American democratic government.

Like millions of other Americans who were, on the whole, sympathetic with New Deal goals, I was thoroughly alarmed by the so-called court-packing effort. The failure of that project demonstrated that the patient, though badly mauled and shaken, was far from dead. The Supreme Court is certainly not a super-human institution. But it symbolizes

our traditional concept of checks-and-balances. To tamper with its machinery was to tamper with American democracy.

The court-packing affair, however, was not an isolated episode. It was only the most extreme and most visible expression of a larger tendency — the tendency to substitute law by edict, constitutional practice by administrative orders. The New Deal was in effect seeking to “get around” the Constitutional division of government into three independent branches. It was a maneuver of circumvention.

When the people in a democracy are tempted to confer new and exceptional powers upon their government, they should always ask themselves: “Will I be satisfied to have such powers exercised by the party I dislike and fear?” The liberals must ask themselves: “Are these the kinds of powers I would care to have in the hands of reactionaries?” New Dealers must ask themselves: “Now what if this immense new authority should be inherited by a Coolidge or a Harding?” If the powers are such that I want them used by government only *so long as my friends control the government*, then I am a fool to let them have it. There was something of this common-sense attitude in the apprehensions aroused by the constant enlargement of federal functions under the New Deal.

Management, labor, agriculture, every element in our economic life faced an avalanche of executive orders and bureau directives which were in

effect laws, punishable and enforceable — laws neither passed nor sanctioned by the constitutional law-making body of our government. Every one of the teeming new agencies became a little self-sufficient oligarchy.

If there is any one principle above all others that reaches to the core and center of the American system of government by law rather than government by persons, it is the strict division of executive, legislative and judicial functions. Those who framed our government wished to make certain that our freedoms would not be at the mercy of the whims of "good" or "bad" officials. These freedoms were to remain inviolate, beyond the reach of capricious men and shifting interpretations.

Government by administrative order runs counter to the letter and spirit alike of our Constitutional system. But it is precisely that sort of government which the New Deal encouraged. The exigencies of war have made it difficult to cope with this trend; in many respects, indeed, the trend has been intensified. I believe it will be one of the principal political tasks of the next generation to restrict and where necessary to dismantle executive agencies which have arrogated to themselves legislative and judicial functions.

The social reforms that can and should be salvaged do not require a revision of the American form of government. Our system of democratic law is wide enough, resilient enough,

to provide ample room for government activities — from relief and social security to public works — without resort to totalitarian methods.

If I were to summarize the evils of the New Deal, as I see them, I would list the following:

1. Its unfortunate resort to the language, techniques and philosophy of class conflict, at a time when the urgent need has been cooperation.

2. Its attempts, all too successful on occasion, to legislate by administrative decrees, substituting government by officials for government by law.

3. Its clear tendency to excessive centralization, whereby it has intruded upon the prerogatives of the States and, more important, the prerogatives of the people.

4. Its deleterious emphasis upon negative and defeatist ideas and procedures, such as "made" work, plowing-under, spread work, measures against saving and investment. The very habit of productivity, the faith in abundance has been hurt by such insistence on curbing, restricting, beating down the creative urge of man.

V

Despite excesses in their practice, I approve the principle of many phases of New Deal policy.

Relief for all Americans in distress, because of unemployment or other reasons, seems to me a matter beyond doubt. "Let them starve" is the slogan of savagery, a type of ruthlessness

that is out of place in a civilized society. The methods of financing and distributing relief are technical problems. The basic idea is indisputable. The recognition of this social obligation was long overdue. It had already been acknowledged by the Federal government, and much earlier by State and local governments, before the advent of the New Deal.

The same holds true for relief to farmers hard hit by economic dislocations. Distress in agricultural regions is less evident than in urban centers, but it is none the less real. The unfair spread that develops from time to time between prices for farm products and manufactured goods represents a problem that must be solved with the help of society as a whole.

The protection of labor's right to collective bargaining, a field in which the New Deal has advanced onto new ground, remains as a permanent gain. Notwithstanding self-defeating misuse of the Wagner Act, its underlying assumptions seem to me in line with reality. The act obviously needs clarifying amendments.

The Security Exchange Commission, in the same way, can be made a stout support of the capitalist system. Revised to remove unnecessary restrictions on the flow of capital, purged of its bureaucratic accretions, the Commission can serve to spur investment in job-making enterprises.

These and a good many other New Deal measures can be absorbed and brought into alignment with a freely functioning private enterprise world.

There are things that government can do. But the state has no magic wands for abolishing economic facts, for evoking prosperity by fiat, for drawing wealth from arid soil. We cannot suspend economic laws any more than we can suspend physiological laws. The promises of a bankrupt, profligate government are as worthless, in the long run, as those of a bankrupt, profligate individual.

Economic problems are not automatically solved when taken over by the state—they are merely disguised in some new form or concealed from view by demagogic hocus-pocus. In the final analysis someone must pay the bill. Government measures for social security, full employment or any other purpose which prevent America from growing, which choke off private initiative, are doomed to failure because they resolve into promises which cannot be kept. They are worthless and dishonest promises unless supported by policies that encourage creative enterprise, the free flow of capital and in general a healthy capitalist economy.

The designation New Deal has been ostentatiously abandoned by the President, indicating a trend "to the Right," to use an expression that is not altogether accurate. But the facts compassed by the New Deal, good and bad, are with us. The time has come to sift reality from legend, to examine the crucial Roosevelt Era without passion or bitterness, so that we may retain the constructive elements and repudiate the destructive tendencies.

► *Despite the brass-hats, he
is the hero of two nations.*

CHENNAULT: TIGER OF THE SKIES

BY RUSSELL WHELAN

AFTER Major General Claire L. Chennault had been introduced to Winston Churchill during the Cairo conferences, the British Prime Minister remarked to one of his staff: "What a face! What a face! Thank heaven he's on our side."

No one who looks on Chennault's face ever forgets it, or neglects to talk about it. Lean, fierce, imperious, implacable — there is much about it that suggests a great bird of prey — eyes like small, brilliant, black buttons; a mouth that in repose is no more than a slanted slit; a nose as incisive as a beak. The brown leathery skin is intricately lined about the eyes and mouth. Diagonal furrows cut deeply down the cheeks. The skin stretches taut over the high cheek bones and over a defiant, stubborn chin. All of this gives Chennault one of the toughest human physiognomies extant, and compared to it even the celebrated hard-guy visages of Hollywood take on aspects of the cherubim.

You do not acquire a face with the drama of Chennault's by practicing before a mirror. You get it the hard way. The hard way for Claire Chen-

nault has included a twenty-year fight for his ideas about the use of aviation in wartime. Our own peacetime Army Air Corps either ignored or rebuffed these ideas steadily from 1923 to 1937. Then he was at last shunted out of the service, "retired with the rank of captain because of partial disability due to deafness." Chennault and his enemies knew why. Those in power didn't like his criticism of their choice of planes and methods.

But he still had his skill, his knowledge, and his determination. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek hired him to direct the Chinese Air Force. Since then, in China, with severely limited facilities, he has been able to demonstrate some of his theories and impart some of his knowledge; and the results have been so spectacular as to raise him to his present eminence as one of the most brilliant aerial tacticians of the Second World War. His personality and his accomplishments have registered on the popular mind of America beyond those of any other single fighting man. Indeed, Chennault, who fashioned the redoubtable Flying Tigers out of the slenderest

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and most unlikely materials, seems a hero ready-made for our air-conscious youth.

But his long personal struggle with the peacetime military mind still goes on. Even now he must take orders from a superior who recently told him: "But after all, this war will be won by the men in the trenches." The smoldering rages of twenty years flared in Chennault's reply: "God damn it, Stilwell, there aren't any men in the trenches."

The Army, not without some gagging, has had to swallow Chennault, because Chiang Kai-shek and all China swear by him and because for many depressing months following the Pearl Harbor attack he and his few fliers accomplished more against the enemies of the United States than all the rest of the American air forces put together. With a total loss in combat of eight old Curtiss P-40-B's, his Flying Tigers destroyed between five and six hundred Japanese bombers and fighters. Since July 1942, when the American Volunteer Group was disbanded, Chennault's Fourteenth US Army Air Force in China has walloped the Jap by a score of 14-to-1, a margin of victory higher than that achieved in any other theater of war, and his boys have performed their wonders not with the smart, swift new Mustangs, Thunderbolts and Lightnings, but principally with various versions of the Curtiss P-40, a pursuit airplane which, after an official attempt to explain and alibi it, has been acknowledged as inferior.

Now Chennault, in analyzing the reasons for these achievements, would be the first to agree with Lieutenant Colonel Phil Cochran's eloquent dictum that "our American kids are just kind of automatically wonderful" at air fighting. They certainly are. But notwithstanding that well proved fact, even his foes must concede that the superiority of results obtained in China is traceable directly to that priceless ingredient named Claire Lee Chennault. Certainly all the men who have served under him will supply an "amen" to that.

II

During the First World War, Chennault, a lieutenant of infantry, was impressed by the potential importance of the airplane in war. He began to study its achievements and to look beyond its current limitations. He became so interested in this new weapon that he transferred into the Army Air Corps after the war. Soon he was one of our most expert pursuit fliers and instructors. While the statesmen prated of perpetual peace, Chennault, a student of history as well as of military science, studied and labored in preparation for the next war. He became a determined and voluble proponent of the "separate air force" ideal of General Billy Mitchell. What Mitchell and his supporters faced in their long, losing battle for recognition is handsomely illustrated in a Calvin Coolidge story.

Coolidge, as President, was asked to

approve an appropriation for a few hundred pursuit trainers. With his celebrated Yankee caninness, Coolidge wanted to know how many air fields would use such equipment. Six, he was told. "Then I'll cut this thing down to six airplanes," he said. "One for each field. The instructors can fly them and the others can sit on the ground and watch what happens." Thus was a great nation prepared to defend its heritage. Thus headaches, ulcers and resignations spread through the air forces of the United States. But Chennault and a thin and rather red-faced line of other air power "crackpots" fought on.

In 1927 Chennault was stationed at Brooks Field, Texas, when the Army's Chief of Staff, General Charles P. Summerall, came for a visit. Chennault was ordered to demonstrate a new wrinkle in warfare which he had originated. With the brass-hats in the reviewing stand, four planes flew over the field. Suddenly parachutes sprouted below them. Some carried soldiers, some carried canvas bags. When they reached the ground, the soldiers ran to the bags, extracted machine guns and light field artillery and staged a rapid capture of the control tower and other vital spots on the field. The commandant turned to Major General Summerall for his verdict. The General was looking the other way and muttering something about "more of this damned aviation nonsense."

So the first demonstration of paratroop warfare in history, staged by Chennault, played only a one-night

stand to a cold house. But a few weeks later, a Russian military mission visiting Brooks Field was entertained with a similar demonstration. The Russians did not sit on *their* hands. They sought out Chennault and offered him a five-year contract in Soviet experimental aviation at \$10,000 a year. They repeated the offer several times, subsequently, and always in vain, for Claire Chennault was not interested in working for the defense of the Soviet Union. He was interested in the defense of his own country, and he foresaw the day when his own country would come around to thinking in terms of that defense.

So on scant pay and scantier encouragement he continued his studies and experiments. He organized and led a three-plane team for acrobatic and precision flying which became famous as "Three Men on a Flying Trapeze." This was a practical illustration of his theories for the employment of pursuit in wartime. These theories he also expounded on paper in service publications throughout the early thirties, at a time when the general staffs of most of the world's armies agreed with the Italian General Giulio Douhet that the big bomber had relegated pursuit to an insignificant rôle.

"Give us plenty of big, fast bombers," said the Douhet disciples. "Put plenty of guns on them, and we'll not only pulverize any conceivable fighter plane defense, but we'll also wipe out an entire nation's will to fight."

Chennault vigorously challenged this theory in three articles which were

published in the *Coast Artillery Journal* under the title "The Rôle of Defensive Pursuit." He belabored Douhet on paper with higher mathematics and simple logic. But except for the support of Major de Seversky and other "extremists," he was a prophet without honor. He could not prove his arguments in actual warfare, since there was no war handy. When war finally came, Chennault's theories were proved for him by the RAF over Britain and by his own Flying Tigers in Asia.

Chennault is emphatically not a blind partisan in this debate of pursuit *vs.* bombardment. Like Mitchell and Seversky, he has always believed in a thoroughly rounded air force. He has said that with bombers to supplement his American Volunteer Group in Burma in 1942 the Jap could easily have been held back long enough for the Allies to build their ground defense. Today the few bombers that Washington has given his Fourteenth Air Force in China have worked marvels of destruction on enemy coastal and river shipping, and contributed greatly to the Chinese victories near Ichang and at Changteh. He dreams of the day when his bombing fleets will be big enough to strangle the Japs' ocean lifeline and apply the final quietus to the industrial machine of Japan itself.

The man who has become China's favorite American and the universally recognized authority on how to clip the wings of the Japanese is not yet free to administer the affairs of the

Fourteenth US Air Force without undue interference. In China he is subordinate to Lieutenant General Joseph W. ("Vinegar Joe") Stilwell, an eloquent skeptic regarding the usefulness of the airplane in war. Chennault, although a major general, is also junior and subordinate to Major General Clayton L. Bissell, until recently commander of our Tenth Air Force in India.

The Chennault-Bissell feud goes back to 1936, when Chennault was retired from the Army Air Corps on the grounds of partial disability arising from deafness. Some of Chennault's friends say that Bissell was instrumental in forcing that retirement. Whatever the truth may be, bad blood has flowed between them, and it positively spouted when the Army Induction Board turned up in Chungking in June of 1942 to take over from the disbanding American Volunteer Group. General Bissell was chairman of the board.

The glorious kids of the AVG had written their immortal epic. They had held the Burma Road for sixty-five precious days. They had kept the enemy from Kunming, the gateway to the capital. They had smashed the Japanese myth of invincibility throughout Asia. Now they were battle-worn and battle-scarred, nervous, sleepless, gaunt, sick of strange places and longing for a taste of home. Chennault suggested a vacation for everyone who asked for it. He pointed out, too, that many of them were ex-Navy and Marine fliers who would

naturally prefer induction into their own branch of the service.

His counsel was ignored. The Army Induction Board summoned the Flying Tigers and told them bluntly that if they did not volunteer for immediate service in China their draft boards would be waiting for them on their return to the States. That was too much for the Tigers. Only five of them stayed on and accepted commissions, and these did so purely out of regard for Chennault. Thus he was suddenly left with a skeleton force of experienced fighter pilots to train the new men coming into his Fourteenth Air Force Command. Luckily the Japs did not strike then, when the striking would have been good.

Today the allocation of planes and supplies to the China theater is under the direction of General Bissell. Chennault hopes for the best. Last year one of Bissell's inspectors visited Chennault's main base. He found the airmen violating many of the more starchy tenets of the military rule-book during their hours off duty. They played poker, they slouched around in shorts, shirt-sleeves, and whiskers, and they nonchalantly looked the other way rather than salute visiting dignitaries. His report to Bissell brought forth a radiogram of censure to Chennault, who promptly and hotly replied:

"Perhaps we don't dress right up here. But we have met the enemy every day against terrific odds and we have yet to lose a battle."

It was about this time that a Radio Tokyo English-language broadcast was heard by Chennault and a few of his staff as they huddled in a frigid cave near an airfield in southern China.

"We now have indisputable evidence," the announcer said, "that our winged knights of the air have cut the American air forces in China down to a bare 300 airplanes."

It brought a tired grin from Chennault and bellows of mirth from his men, for on that day the Fourteenth Air Force had exactly twenty-three planes to fight its share of the Second World War.

III

The Chinese say that the "Old Man's" knowledge of their country's topography is exceeded by no man living. It is his own accumulation. When he went to China in 1937 there were virtually no aerial maps in existence. He has mapped China almost from end to end. If you want to set an airplane down in some forsaken spot 1,000 miles from nowhere, you have only to ask the question. Chennault will tell you not only where you will find your level stretches, but he'll throw in some data on the prevailing winds, the climatic conditions, the temper of the natives, and the quality of the local duck hunting.

Chennault acquired that knowledge by flying over the vast expanse of China to seek landing fields that might be needed later on. People in many

strange places know the face of the "Tiger of the Skies," one of his Chinese nicknames, and the record of his deeds. They are always delighted to see him and always quite amazed that he carries a shotgun with him. They cannot be expected to understand that their distinguished visitor is being true to the red blood that flows in his veins. Robert E. Lee contributed to that supply, but so did Daniel Boone. The Lee part of him is busy with matters of military import; but the Boone corpuscles are itching to shoulder that gun and take a crack at the neighboring wild life.

Chennault has a debt to the Chinese too, a debt that will not be squared in his accounts until he has helped them drive the last vestige of the invader from the good earth. For China gave him his chance to vindicate his years of study and experimentation in the science of military aviation. A succinct account of that vindication is written in a feminine hand on the back of Chennault's honorable discharge as Commander of the AVG. Under the caption "Remarks" it states: "*He Performed the Impossible.*" It is signed, "Mei-ling Soong Chiang (Mme. Chiang Kai-shek), Honorary Commander, AVG."

Although he is China's all-time favorite American, it must not be thought that his native Louisiana yields to any part of the world in the intensity of its regard for Claire Chennault. He is the state's most admired and beloved citizen. As for how he stands in his own home town — the

crucial test — only Exhibit A should be needed to establish a case.

Exhibit A is a little airfield on the edge of Waterproof, Louisiana. The town, population 450, was and is inaccessible by railroad, and in the days when Chennault was assigned to various US Army air fields in the South, his friends complained that he wasn't getting home very often. Getting Chennault home oftener became a public issue, the subject of a community meeting. The very next morning half the countryside turned out with tractors, mowers, shovels and rollers, and began operations on a big pasture donated for their purpose. Within a week Chennault's personal landing field was ready, and he was invited by telegram to christen it.

A few days later Waterproof shut up its shops and homes and plantations to greet him as he shot down out of the sky in an Army pursuit ship. Before he landed he gave them a one-man air show that they still talk about as the biggest event in local history since the Mississippi River moved in on Main Street back in the 'sixties, forced a mass removal to safer ground behind high levees, and gave Waterproof its name.

The Chennaults are Louisiana's most celebrated wartime family. Of their six sons, four are in the armed services and the other two are engaged in important defense jobs. The eldest boy, Jack, is already an Air Force lieutenant colonel and the holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross for destroying a Japanese submarine in the

Aleutians. Two others, Charles and Claire Patrick, are in the air forces. David Chennault was a fireman aboard the cruiser *Helena*, sunk by the Japs in the South Pacific last summer. He was reported missing for a week but finally turned up among the survivors.

All of this means anxious days and sleepless nights for the warm-hearted, motherly woman who "holds the fort" for her absent menfolk in a comfortable, sprawling bungalow perched on the shore of Lake St. John in Louisiana. Mrs. Chennault is alone now with Rosemary, a pretty high school sophomore of sixteen.

One vast room is glaringly empty. This is the Bullpen, where the boys used to sleep after epic wrestling matches, pillow fights and midnight talks with their flying father. The Bullpen will be the scene of a vociferous reunion after the war, if the Chennault luck holds good, but meanwhile the boys are busy all over the map, and the head of the house is making life miserable for the Japanese air forces 12,000 miles away.

"China has been wonderful to me and for me," General Chennault said recently. "When I came here first I weighed only 145 pounds. Today I weigh 175, and it's all been Chinese cooking." He laughed. "It's wonderful. I didn't think so at first, because they do use plenty of fats and oils. But then I caught on. Eat all you want but drink plenty of tea. The tannic acid takes care of the rest."

The old boy exaggerates. Years of work and strain and frustration, continual war since 1937, and a chronic bronchial ailment aggravated by the hardships of soldiering in China have compiled quite a burden for even Chennault's tough constitution. Although when he strips down to a shirt and shorts for a game of softball with his boys he still looks like a college halfback, he is not so far from sixty years of age, and the record is written in his face. It is now a world-famous face, and many millions of Chinese, regarding it, will join with Winston Churchill in saying:

"Thank heaven he's on our side."



WE must beware of trying to build a society in which nobody counts for anything except the politician or the official — a society where enterprise gains no reward and thrift no privileges.

— WINSTON CHURCHILL

► *Career of the Old Howard from classic drama to strip-tease.*

BOSTON'S TEMPLE OF BURLESQUE

By STEWART H. HOLBROOK

BEACON HILL and Back Bay no longer patronize Boston's odd and ancient place of entertainment known as the Old Howard. It doesn't rate a line in any of the Chamber of Commerce's booklets on the city. This seems strange in a town that cherishes its other venerable institutions so highly, for the Old Howard is hoary with age and tradition and is currently enjoying its ninety-eighth consecutive season as a playhouse. Indeed, it is likely the oldest theatre in the United States. And regardless of the aloof attitude of Boston's upper crust, the Old Howard is visited by more people every year than see Bunker Hill Monument and Faneuil Hall combined.

One approaches 34 Howard street from Scollay Square, with its rumble of subway and litter of cheap hotels, penny arcades, saloons and shooting galleries. Howard street is so narrow and usually so crowded that it is difficult to get a good view of the Gothic stone pile that rears up so surprisingly, its arched front presenting monstrous stained glass windows, three stories

high, in this rabbit warren. Nor is there anything phony about the stone. It is granite, three feet thick, the same stuff that built Bunker Hill Monument. The Howard was built to last, and last it has in spite of the Watch and Ward Society, the attempted encroachments of civic enterprise and the changing habits of theatre-goers.

During the past half-century local divines have applied terms to the Old Howard ranging from "sink of sin" to "social cancer." The Watch and Ward Society has hauled its managers and performers to jail. The Howard's management complains only perfunctorily. Such "moral" hubbub is good for business, and so are the many lewd stories circulated regarding the utter depravity of the shows on the Howard stage.

There is a virtual school of this fiction in New England. In the farthest reaches, such as Madawaska, Maine, and Columbia Bridge, New Hampshire, I've heard the one about the female dancer in tights at the Howard who was responsible for "grandfather

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being killed in the rush." I imagine this one has been related as God's truth in the ports of the world.

No rural Yankee in my time, or in my father's time, had seen Boston until he had furtively witnessed a performance at the Old Howard. It was the same at Harvard, and graduates of that university like to relate how the eminent John Fiske, the great philosopher, used to remark that the Harvard curriculum included "Howard Athenaeum I, II, III and IV." A similar remark has been attributed by later generations of students to Charles Townsend Copeland, to Albert Bushnell Hart, and to practically every other well known professor except Bliss Perry. No sea-faring man who ever made the port of Boston went away without paying a visit to 34 Howard street. No drummer missed it, and there is ample reason to believe that no out-of-town parson missed it either.

This word of mouth advertising for many generations is what has filled the fifteen hundred Howard seats almost every afternoon and night since the place started going low-brow approximately sixty years ago. Before that, it had been the Howard Athenaeum, a proud playhouse, one of Boston's finest.

And before that, it had been the exact place selected for the physical ascension to heaven of the host of followers of William Miller, the Millennial Prophet. No theatre in America has had so implausible a beginning, nor so odd a career.

II

On the fearful twenty-third of April 1843, many thousands of weak-minded people in the United States gathered at previously selected places to greet the Last Day. This was to be no abstract matter, but a literal end of the world, the day of Jubilee, when all on earth except the sanctified were to be destroyed in a holocaust of fire. Gabriel was to wind his horn. The graves would yawn. And Christ Almighty would walk among his saved ones.

This interesting state of affairs was being brought about by the aforementioned William Miller, one of Vermont's many gifts to the nation, who had spent much of his life in a study of the biblical *Revelations* and in calculation of dates founded thereon. He finally came up with April 23, 1843 as the end of things. Had it not been for several go-getting pastors in Boston and New York City, the affair might never have gone farther than Miller's own rural community, but these men got hold of Miller's coat-tails and urged him on, meanwhile publishing a red-hot paper characteristically titled *The Midnight Cry*, and distributing luridly colored charts showing Prophet Miller's calculations and some of the damndest seven-horned beasts ever imagined.

The effect on thousands of people in New England, New York and other eastern communities was terrible to behold. Men and women gave away their farms, their houses, everything, keeping only enough white cloth

to make ascension robes for the Last Day. They gathered in tabernacles everywhere, discussing the coming event, praying loudly, speaking in tongues, groaning, rolling, shouting, weeping.

Boston harbored thousands of these dim-witted folk. They bought a piece of pasture land on the lane that became Howard street and there erected a mighty tabernacle. Its interior was decorated, says an old account, with murals depicting the monsters in *Revelations*, things such as never were seen outside the realm of alcoholic hallucinosis. "No less horrible," says this contemporary account, "were the faces of the frenzied devotees who crowded the tabernacle for the Last Day. They waited for they knew not what and shrieked in agony, tearing their robes in frenzy. Many went stark mad."

All Boston was in ferment, the Millerites waiting the world's doom and their own salvation, the non-believers scoffing. Miss Clara Endicott Sears, author of the fascinating *Days of Delusion*, a serious study of the whole affair, reports that the scoffers gathered by the thousands on Boston Common on that fateful day to watch the Millerites ascend. It was thought they would probably rise straight up through the tabernacle's roof, and thence on to Heaven.

Prophet Miller, however, had made a miscalculation. He made subsequent miscalculations. The Trumpet never sounded. This left the Millerites to return to practical living, and the more businesslike of them proceeded to

lease the Boston tabernacle to a theatrical company. The building was now disguised by a massive granite façade. The first play, given October 13, 1845, was Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, which incidentally had been the bill presented at Boston's first theatre in 1792, when the play was broken up by the sheriff and the actors carted off to jail, charged with "a serious crime."

But no trouble marred the première at the Howard Athenaeum. For the next several months the place was filled nightly with delighted audiences, and things went fine and dandy until the evening of February 23, 1846. The play was *Pizarro*, and its climax was the descent of a ball of fire from the clouds. The ball duly descended from the flies, set the place afire, and destroyed it. No one was injured.

The site was empty, except for the granite wall, in the spring of 1846, and was taken over for a few weeks by a circus. Later that year the lot was purchased by Messrs. Boyd & Beard, who had an idea. They built a combined brewery and theatre, using the gigantic blocks of granite already on the ground and more of the same. Whether this structure was made in Gothic form because the granite blocks already present formed the dominant arch, or whether the brewer-showmen sardonically followed the lead of Prophet Miller is not now clear. What is clear is that the building took on the form and likeness of a church which it has to this day.

Opening the new Howard Athe-

naeum was James H. Hackett, father of James K., and his company, in *The Rivals*, Mr. Hackett playing Sir Anthony Absolute. Patrons found they had to walk upstairs one flight to get to the orchestra (just as they do today) because the brewers needed the ground floor for their operations in ale. Patrons also found "a truly elegant playhouse." The orchestra was surrounded by sharply rising tiers of seats. Three tiers of boxes rose one above the other, all fancy with castiron grillwork, and whitewashed. Three horseshoe balconies rose to the ceiling, from the center of which hung a gigantic gaslight.

The Howard was now set for a quarter of a century of the carriage trade. English opera came. So did Italian. Matilda Heron, who first played Camille in the United States, was a sensation. The distinguished Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean played several engagements. Junius Brutus Booth had a season. So did his hammy son, John Wilkes. Great attention was paid to staging and props. A drama of the chemically-minded Borgias presented in its third act a stage on which appeared thirty-eight coffins. Shakespeare held the boards off and on during the 1850-1870 period. The beautiful if overrated Lola Montez did her Spider Dance here. Cora Mowatt and E. L. Davenport had engagements. So did Charlotte Cushman, and the eminent Macready himself.

Sometime in the 1870's the Howard's tone began dropping, and business grew better. John B. Stetson, a noted showman of the time, took over

as manager, and he wowed 'em right off by booking what appears to have been the first Human Fly. This lad astounded Boston by walking around on the high ceiling of the Howard, meanwhile making cracks about the bald-heads in the pit.

Manager Stetson believed in vaudeville, then called variety. He brought Tony Pastor and company to the Howard, and followed that sterling comic with a long line of comedians, singers, sword swallowers, fire eaters, and trained horses. He often staged a boxing "exhibition," and it was here that young John Lawrence Sullivan first attracted attention by nearly killing the great Professor Mike Donovan. Stetson also believed in burlesque, and presently Ida Simmons was offering *A Strike in the Harem, With Sixteen Beautiful Young Ladies in a Grand March*.

Manager Stetson was also an aesthete. He ordered his theatre programs printed on purple paper, and I mean purple. He interlarded things like Miss Simmons' cuties with melodrama. In those days melodrama took some doing. Consider the bill at the Howard in January 1883. It was *A Dark Secret*, and the posters announced it to be "a thrilling tale of the Thames Valley, with Marvellous Aquatic Scenes — the Henly Regatta, presented with Real Sailboats, Rowboats, Racing Shells and Steam Launches, the Stage Being Flooded with 5,000 Cubic Feet of Water."

Kate Fisher came in 1886 to play in *Mazeppa*, during which she was

strapped to the back of a horse by the villain and underwent untold miles of plungings as the beast clop-clopped on the treadmill. Colonel Cody followed with a thrilling drama of the West titled *Twenty Days, or Buffalo Bill's Pledge*.

It was during this era that the purple programs of the Howard began to carry a direct invitation to "Come Where the Woodbine Twineth," which was right next door at 19 Howard street. This was of course a saloon, and it advertised that "The Brass Gong in our Refectory sounds two minutes before the Curtain goes up on the Next Act." This would permit a serious drinker time for at least one more ale. (Incidentally, the yeasty smells that wafted into the Howard from the brewery became so powerful that the ventilating system had to be renovated several times.)

III

When G. E. Lothrop took over the Howard in the early nineties, he stopped the old house custom of giving out seat checks to patrons who wanted a drink between acts. The management of the woodbine place, as well as other saloon keepers in the neighborhood, called on Mr. Lothrop in a body and protested. Lothrop held fast — for one night. On that night, just when the Howard's curtain went up on the first act, a ten-piece band, composed mostly of cornets and bass drums, took up position right in front of the theatre and let loose. Theatre

patrons couldn't hear a word from the stage. On the next night, and ever thereafter, door checks were given out to thirsty patrons of the Old Howard, as it was now coming to be known.

What might be called the Third, or Burlesque, Era of the Old Howard began in the nineties. Weber & Fields played the house, and so did a wide variety of performers, like Maggie Cline, Gus Williams, Pat Rooney and Sam Bernard. It was from the Howard's stage that John L. Sullivan, by then heavyweight champion of the world, first invited all comers to stay four rounds with him. He later appeared here in his great melodrama, *Honest Hearts and Willing Hands*, and told a reporter he hoped someday to be as great an actor as Booth or McCullough. "I've just started now," he said.

I got my first look at John L. at the Howard, and along with John for good measure, were Dainty Violet Mascotte and Her Thirty Merry Maids. Miss Mascotte and her company were a standard summer attraction at the Howard for many years. I remember them with the greatest pleasure.

A change came over the Howard's advertising. Once it had been dignified, a simple announcement of the coming bill, but now it fell almost as low as modern movie advertising. A sample:

You Boys in the Know will Get a Wallop out of Violet Mascotte and her Merry Maids, Thirty, Count Them; Lovely, Lively, Artery-Softeners. Good for That Tired Feeling, With their Bear Skins, and Oh, My! But a Word to the Wise is

Enough, and the Wisenheimers know
There is Always Something Doing at the
Old Howard from 1 to 11.

That final line about Always Something Doing has been the theme song in every Old Howard advertisement for forty years. It and the slangy copy were the work of Fred Doherty, long-time press agent for the house, who wrote every line of the copy until illness prevented. One may contrast it with the two-line couplet used in the fifties and sixties:

As Rome points proudly to her Coliseum,
So Boston treats her Howard Athenaeum.

But it is burlesque, with movies between shows, that has kept the Old Howard running these last four decades. Whether it is "worse" burlesque than is to be seen elsewhere is a matter of opinion. On occasion, Boston's Watch and Ward has said it was "positively rotten." In January 1933 this group prevailed on the city fathers to close the Howard for thirty days. At the hearing Investigator Slaymaker for the W. & W. testified as to the "voluptuous dancing and profane dialogue" of the performers.

Mayor Curley, an old patron of the Howard, asked the agent if he could perform in a voluptuous manner. The agent said he could not. Attorney Whitman for the theatre said that the Old Howard was not supposed to be a young ladies' finishing school and that the Old Howard's patrons were able to take care of themselves, including their morals. Investigator Hill of the Society mentioned the "diaphanous

brassières" of the chorus, and the "mobile abdomen" of one of the star performers. He said the Howard was "worse than anything in Havana."

The hearing made a big uproar. For the first time in eighty-seven years the Howard was dark for thirty days in a theatre season. Whether or not the house reformed is an abstract matter, but it is on record that it reopened with a bill called *Scrambled Legs*.

A bit later it appeared that at least a part of the Howard would have to be torn down, through condemnation proceedings, to permit erection of the new Suffolk County Court House. The new building went up, however, without injury to the old theatre. That, plus a little labor trouble — no more than other theatres have had — was the last real menace the Old Howard has had to face. It was doing all right when World War II came along. Since then, what with the great influx of strangers to Boston, the grimy, ancient joint has continued its policy of burlesque that is burlesque to standing room only. And many nights, when the house is filled to the rafters with Army and Navy lads, and the strip-tease artiste gets down to the G-string, the shouts and cries that echo to the high ceiling might remind Prophet Miller of the great workings of the spirit when Gabriel was getting up a lip to blow that horn.

The Minskys may come and go. So may the Balaban & Katzes. But there is today, as almost continuously since 1845, always something doing from 1 to 11 at the Old Howard.

► *The leading advocate of
Pan-Europe asks:*

WHY NOT THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE?

BY RICHARD COUDENHOVE-KALERGI

IN EUROPE the military victory comes ever closer, but the political leaders of the United Nations act as if they had endless years in which to consider the fate of the continent after Hitler. We face the likelihood of Germany's collapse long before the main Allies have agreed on a plan of reorganization.

This lack of a policy is replete with dangers. In the absence of a concerted plan, individual countries are making one-sided decisions that will confront the world with insuperable "accomplished facts." Despairing of Europe's future, one of its nations, Czechoslovakia, has already accepted the protection of the Soviet Union; smaller democracies play with the idea of joining the British Commonwealth; power politics in its most cynical forms are gaining sway.

It is becoming more obvious every day that Europe is threatened with a partition into Russian and British spheres of control. The speech of General Smuts, the activities of Beneš, civil war in Yugoslavia, revision of the Stalin Constitution to facilitate association of non-Soviet areas—these

are just a few of the clear symptoms of European division. If this tendency is not arrested swiftly, no prophetic gifts are needed to predict that Europe will first become the scene of permanent Russo-British friction and rivalry, and soon thereafter, the theatre of World War III.

The only thing right now that can head off this disaster is a bold, constructive European policy by the United States in favor of democratic European federation. America holds the clear-cut balance of power. It can encourage disunion by an attitude of indifference and political defeatism; or it can promote enduring European peace by taking a principled, common-sense stand for democratic federation.

Because Britain and the USA are uncertain and confused about the desirable European order, Marshal Stalin is free to carry on his own policy. He knows precisely what he wants. His inspired press has come out sharply against a united Europe, denouncing any sort of federation, any talk of a United States of Europe, as hostile to the Soviets. Russia is ready to back

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the national sovereignties of individual countries to perpetuate rivalries within Europe and to keep the continent as a whole as weak as possible. At the same time it has provided the framework of a Soviet-controlled federation within which these fragmented countries can seek sanctuary.

The Russian policy can be readily justified from a purely Russian standpoint. Having suffered terribly through centuries of history from invasions by Swedes, Poles, French, now Germans, she wishes to see no nation of Europe strong enough to attack her. Her new leaders visualize a strong and united Soviet nation facing a weak and disunited Europe. The logic of this purpose, if fulfilled, is clear: should Europe fail to unite, its smaller Eastern and Central states, at least, will be at Russia's mercy.

Does the Kremlin plan to integrate Eastern Europe, or even the whole continent, into the all-Soviet federation? Does it intend to absorb some and transform others into a *cordon sanitaire* against the Atlantic Powers? Probably Stalin himself does not know the exact answers. Much will depend on the evolution within the European states after their liberation; more will depend on British and American policies. I believe that Russia's vital preoccupation in Europe is not conquest but security — security through balance of power and European disunion. On this policy Russia will insist as long as no better and more constructive system is found to assure her peace.

Britain's situation with regard to Europe is not unsimilar to Russia's. Britain, too, has been threatened again and again by continental nations. It has been saved again and again by national disunion on the continent. Many Englishmen are therefore afraid of the idea of European Union. On the other hand, Britain has paid dearly for the chronic wars on the continent. The idea of a United States of Europe to guarantee peace and assure European prosperity therefore appeals to wide sections of British opinion, both sentimentally and as a matter of sound statesmanship.

II

The difficulties start with the question whether or not Great Britain should become a member of the United States of Europe. The idea of England being in any way directed by a majority of continental nations is repugnant to British nationalists. While ready to consider some kind of European League of Nations that would leave their sovereignty intact, they are against submitting to anything like a Federal government of Europe. Moreover, they fear that British entry into a European Union would lead to the dismemberment of their worldwide empire, since Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa would be unwilling to bind their future to the European continent.

That is why some British patriots, like the Secretary for India, L. S.

Amery, have violently opposed the idea of Britain joining a Federalized Europe, though they are ready, under certain conditions, to sponsor such a Federation without Britain. Other Britishers, however, are terrified by the idea of a united Europe, and, like the Russians, prefer a postwar Europe again divided by a new balance of power. This balance they hope to assure by creating a series of regional Federations among minor European states, strong enough to counter-balance the future Germany and at the same time to prevent the danger of Russian hegemony.

In spite of all this, outstanding British statesmen have come out openly during the war for the idea of European Federation. Leaders of all three parties are agreed that, as Clement Attlee, leader of the Labor Party, put it, "Europe must federate or perish." Sir Archibald Sinclair, leader of the Liberals, has expressed himself similarly, and it is well known that Winston Churchill has long been an ardent partisan of European Federation. One year before the outbreak of the war, Churchill wrote:

Why should Europe fear unity? As well might a man fear his own body. . . . I believe that Europe will be driven, sooner or later, to question the monstrous absurdity of her own organization. . . . The conception of a United States of Europe is right. Every step taken to that end which appeases the obsolete hatreds and vanished oppressions, which makes easier the traffic and reciprocal services of Europe, which encourages its nations to lay aside their threatening arms or precautionary

panoply, is good in itself, is good for them and good for all.

Churchill has remained faithful to his Pan-European convictions. In March, 1943, he surprised the world with a speech on the necessity of establishing, after the war, a European Council:

We must try to make the Council of Europe, or whatever it may be called, into a really effective league with all the strongest forces concerned woven into its texture, with a high court to adjust disputes and with forces, armed forces, national or international or both, held ready to enforce these decisions and prevent renewed aggression and the preparation of future wars.

Anthony Eden, in an article on war aims, comes to the same conclusions:

Can we finally rid Europe of barriers of castes and creed and prejudice? Can frontiers and faiths, languages and commerce serve to unite nations not to divide them? Can we create a true unity in Europe?

There is every reason to expect that Britain would favor European union, if it did not stand alone in this. Without forthright American support, it has little left but reliance on old-style spheres of influence. In his speech favoring Federation, Churchill had added: "All this will, I believe, be found to harmonize with the high permanent interests of Britain, the United States and Russia. It certainly cannot be accomplished without their cordial and concerted agreement and direct participation."

It was to promote concerted agree-

ment that the Moscow Conference recently created an "Advisory Committee for Europe," with its seat in London. This was the first constructive step toward European organization. It will not be followed by others unless the United States is ready to back the idea of European union. The alternative is a partition of the continent into British and Russian spheres.

Such a partition would mean that Germany has won the war politically despite its military defeat! As neither Russia nor Britain will want to see Germany within the other's sphere, this nation would soon acquire immense political importance. No matter what is done to Germany, its population, territory and industrial genius, its demonstrated recuperative powers, will make it a formidable addition to any political combine. It would depend on Germany whether Moscow or London became Europe's true capital.

As rivals on the European chessboard, Britain and Russia would soon start to outbid each other to gain the support of a Fourth Reich for their respective continental policies. (Russia, in truth, has already made some strong bids, including a skeleton Free German régime setup in Moscow.) Shrewd German statesmanship would press the last drop of profit out of this opportunity.

The choice is between a Federated Europe and an Anglo-Russian competition which would again operate to make Germany the arbiter of the continent.

III

British and American hesitations on a real European Federation have influenced the attitude of exiled governments and leaders. Only the most broad-visioned among them openly favor the idea. Jan Masaryk, Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, for instance, recently declared: "I am asked daily what I think of a European Federation. I am heartily in favor of it." Czechoslovak entry into the Soviet sphere, we may be certain, is an act of despair. And the late General Sikorki, Poland's war leader, declared: "After this war, Europe must become an entity, political and economic. There must be economic security as well as political security for all."

The oppressed peoples of Europe, we are justified in believing, are far ahead of their exiled spokesmen in this connection. They must realize by now that the entire structure of Europe was wrong. They recall the warnings of the Pan-European Movement and the initiative of Aristide Briand for a United States of Europe. They know that it was the continent's disunion that enabled Hitler to attack and to crush his weaker neighbors one by one. The Polish Underground recently issued a manifesto asserting that a European Federation is the one goal of its foreign policy. There is strong evidence that vital groups in other European underground movements share this hope, only communist and ultra-nationalist factions being opposed.

No one in Europe wishes to return to the prewar political anarchy, and the idea of Federation is to the fore. Even the half-dope of union held out by Soviet hegemony has a powerful appeal, despite the knowledge that Russia is politically a dictatorship. The mind of Europe contemplates two very different examples of Federation — one is the Soviet Union, the other the United States of America.

Every honest European knows that the appeal of the American example is immeasurably stronger. Even Tito, though a communist and acting in concert with Moscow, has been obliged to borrow Western democratic ideas for his popular propaganda. He promises the Southern Slavs not communism but a Bill of Rights and Federalism; not the Soviet Constitution but a democratic constitution on the Swiss pattern and inspired by American ideals. Whatever his actual plans and commitments to the USSR, he evidently realizes that even East Europeans dream of a world peaceful like Switzerland, prosperous like the United States, and free like both. If totalitarianism will be imposed on these people, it will be by force. Their goal is liberty, not subjection.

Yet, if they cannot have a democratic United States of Europe, they may in sheer despair accept a Soviet Europe. Even that would seem to them preferable to a Third World War. The tragedy of the continent today is that while Russia is throwing its full weight behind a Europe on its own model, America has failed to de-

clare itself clearly in favor of a Europe that is both united and free — a United States of Europe.

The American government has made no declaration on the subject. Public opinion in the United States remains largely unaware of the problem and the opportunity. But a good many far-seeing American leaders have confronted the issue. It is significant that wherever the question has been raised at all in America, it has found a favorable and often an enthusiastic response.

For one thing, it makes Americans proud when they realize that their own system of Federal government based on genuine democracy holds the only solution to Europe's age-old problem. Supporters of the United States of Europe idea include prominent Democrats and Republicans alike. It may, indeed, offer the most acceptable compromise between the so-called isolationists and internationalists.

IV

It is not accidental that men as different as Senator Wheeler and Wendell Willkie are not far apart in their thinking on inner European organization. Willkie, in *One World*, opposes the re-creation of small European countries "as economic and military units" but favors their survival as "political units." Political identity, that is to say, within a framework of economic and military unity for the continent as a whole. And Wheeler

writes, in the *New York Times Magazine*:

It is the scheme of an economic United States of Europe . . . that holds out the best avenue to world peace. One cannot exaggerate the stabilizing effects upon the world that a great free trade area in Europe, the counterpart to the great free trade area of our own country, would create. . . . Many capable men believe that unless it is brought about Europe will eventually perish in internecine strife.

American internationalists have cause to favor European Federation because it is a vital element of world peace and would provide a cornerstone for the structure of world organization. Isolationists have cause to favor it because it would rid America of the heavy burden of a warring European continent. If the United States of America has taken no practical steps toward the realization of a United States of Europe, it is only because American public opinion has not been sufficiently awakened.

Neither Russia nor Britain belongs in the United States of Europe. The presence of either would weight it against the other. The presence of both is unthinkable because it would create a gigantic Russo-British-European-Asiatic bloc isolating and encircling the United States. The only practical scheme is therefore a Federation of Europe without Russia and Britain, but under the common sponsorship of these two nations and the USA.

There is no contradiction whatsoever between a European union and the idea of world organization. No

sound world organization can be based on European disunion. A united Europe would be a regional part of whatever world body is set up, just like the USSR, China, Pan-America and the British Commonwealth. Pending the emergence of a world organization, the United States of Europe would have to be guaranteed against foreign invasion or a new German threat by the combined pledges of the Big Three. Backed by such a guarantee, the continent could drastically limit its armaments. Europe, in effect, would be transformed into a peaceful and neutral Federation, living between Russia and Britain — just as peaceful and neutral Switzerland has lived so long between Germany, France and Italy.

The future organization of Europe could copy a lot from Switzerland, which has succeeded in uniting twenty-five little states with different languages, religions and traditions into a pacific and democratic union in the very heart of a dismembered and exploding Europe. Like Switzerland, Europe would have to limit the sovereignties of its constituent states by means of a Federal constitution, a Federal government, Federal courts and currency, a Federal Bill of Rights and the removal of all trade barriers within its territory.

Such a Federalized Europe would make it impossible for a new Germany to threaten smaller or weaker neighbors and to attempt again to obtain European hegemony. Within a United Europe the Germans would control

no more than 20 per cent of all votes; they would be checked by a vast majority of non-German Europeans. Deprived of a national army and armament industry, foreign policy, currency and national economy, as a member of a unified Europe, Germany would cease to be a threat to the continent and to the world. The same holds true for any other European nation.

As a solution of the age-old European question, a United States of Europe would not only be in the interests of the countries and peoples directly involved, but in the interest, no less, of the world at large. If Europe can be neutralized, the main objections of both Russia and Britain to a united continent would fade out. The world as a whole would be able to reduce its load of armaments and could

undertake the tasks of reconstruction without the constant fears that have stemmed from a disorganized and restless continent.

If America were ready to sponsor a United States of Europe and to support the solution by a bold, constructive diplomacy, a new world could rise from the ruins of the war. A new Europe would emerge, guarded not by American soldiers but by American ideals. America's spirit of Federalism can triumph in Europe over the old spirit of division and international anarchy, fulfilling the prophetic words of George Washington to General Lafayette: "We have sowed the seeds of liberty and union that will spring up everywhere upon earth. Some day, taking its pattern from the United States, there will be founded a United States of Europe."



What is a Book?

WHAT is a book? A series of little printed signs — essentially only that. It is for the reader to supply himself the forms and colors and sentiments to which these signs correspond. It will depend on him whether the book be dull or brilliant, hot with passion or cold as ice. Or, if you prefer to put it otherwise, each word in a book is a magic finger that sets a fiber of our brain vibrating like a harp string and so evokes a note from the soundingboard of our soul. No matter how skillful, how inspired, the artist's hand, the sound it makes depends on the quality of the strings within themselves.

— ANATOLE FRANCE

NIGHT BIRTH

A Story

By HARRIET S. HALLIDAY

LIEUTENANT MACNIECE drew her cape around her and ran down the hill from the Nurses' Home to the Station Hospital, bucking her head low against the long steady wind. The post lay dimmed and still, and the single sentry she could see looked as though he moved without legs. The wind caught suddenly at her cape and threw it straight out behind her so that the cold air whipped at her arms. A flame of anger flickered in her throat, and running up the last stairs to the hospital, she pulled the door open fiercely and flung herself into the wide, empty reception hall.

She stood still in the middle of the hall for a moment, angry and listening to the wind rushing against the windows and door and to the sudden wildness beating in her ears and throat. When she felt calmer she turned and walked slowly up the stairs to Ward 8, which had been her ward for six months, even on her night duty. She was ten minutes late now, and steeled herself to lash back at the nurse she was keeping overtime. But it was one

of the younger nurses, anxious to be off on her date, and she had time only to point out a few things on the charts and slam the door hard when she went out.

Lieutenant MacNiece waited until she was sure the nurse had gotten far enough down the stairs to be out of sight, then she hung up her cape carefully and walked out into the hall, where there was a small table with a mirror hanging over it. She braced her hands hard against the edge of the table and looked deliberately into the mirror. The wind had tipped her cap over to the side, and her hair lay in straight feathery strands along her cheeks and forehead. She unpinned the white towered triangle that she wore on the back of her head, and took out her comb. She parted her brown hair on the right side and drew it carefully into a dip over her left eyebrow before fastening it back with an amber clip. Then she ran her fingers straight down the sides of her hair, measuring how far below the ear it came. It hung down a quarter of an

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inch below her ear, and she smiled now at how much it had grown since she had decided never to have it cut again, only three months ago.

She had often thought of changing the way she wore her hair, and the girl friends that she had from time to time always got around to suggesting it, sooner or later, but somehow whenever she went to a hairdresser she heard herself saying, exactly as mama had, "Well, I guess I'll have it just to the ear in front and shingled in back, this time anyhow." And then she would feel a wonderful relief, as though she'd escaped from some horrible snare, and going home, she would always be happy for a little while.

And that's how it had been about her hair until a few months after she came into the Army. Then one night at dinner she had watched the Head Nurse at the dinner table, so quiet and sure, her head high and smooth with two broad shining braids coiled around it. Her head had turned over in deathless admiration for the cool woman with her thin aloof lips, and she had decided then that she would never have her hair cut again.

Tonight, passing by the Head in the corridor at the Nurses' Home, she had had a vision of how she herself would look when her hair was long and braided, and coming down the stairs she had thought, with pleasure, "It will add inches to my height — inches," and as she came down she walked much slower, feeling the new inches, feeling almost lithe and slim with long legs.

She stood quietly now, remembering how it had been, trying to have the feeling again, but somehow it had gone. She just felt lonely the way she always did on Ward 8, where soldiers' wives lay feeling separate and complete, endlessly dreaming. Lieutenant MacNiece looked down the shining corridor, winding long and black, and thought how it was on the other wards, where the boys were so gay and clean and young-smelling even in their illness. She tried to think of herself going from bed to bed, tall and assured; but the feeling wouldn't come. "It was the wind," she thought. "I've always hated a wind."

There were no new cases tonight, no women in labor or newly delivered, and after she had checked the charts and the sleeping babies, she had nothing to do. She lay down on the office cot, with her cape over her, and stared into the air. She could feel her body tense and throbbing a little, and after awhile she got up and went to the door. She couldn't see anyone in the hall and she walked over to the stairs and looked down. The halls were dimmed, but the stairs were all blacked out, and she couldn't see anything. She went back and sat on the cot and listened to the wind tearing at the windows. She hated the sound and yet it filled the room so that she felt drowned in it. It made her feel more alone than she usually felt on night duty, and she could feel the tears stinging at the back of her eyes. After a moment she was sure she heard steps, and she went into the hall again.

II

A girl, very large with child, was coming up the stairs, walking slowly, and carrying a small traveling bag. Lieutenant MacNiece thought, wildly, "She's walking in her sleep," but she couldn't think what to do. She stood, clutching the railing, watching the even steps and the small bag swinging, until the girl lifted her head and looked at her.

"Hello," the girl said conversationally, and smiled. Miss MacNiece nodded and watched her come to the top of the stairs and put down her bag. Her lips were very bright, as though she had just rouged them, and her eyes shone below long arched brows, one of them now childishly ruffled, but otherwise there was no color in her face. She was very still now, breathing deeply and carefully after the long climb, still smiling.

"The doctor didn't say anything about expecting anyone," Lieutenant MacNiece said brusquely. "We're too full up to take care of false alarms." She felt suddenly better after having spoken. The familiar sounds of her voice were like the reassuring hold of a firm whip in her hand. The girl said nothing but stood breathing steadily and smiling, her eyes too bright and looking at a point directly over the nurse's head. Then she lowered her eyes and looked at Lieutenant MacNiece. "He's here all right," she said, speaking very clearly as though what she had to say was somehow abstruse. "He's early, about ten days I think,

but he's here. Besides," and here the smile took on humor, "the taxi-driver's wife had four and he said he could tell very well that this was the real thing with me. . . ."

The smile faded suddenly into a low noise in her throat and Lieutenant MacNiece took hold of her firmly and led her across the hall into a room. By the time the spasm was over she had unpacked the girl's bag and turned down the bed. The girl turned hard to her side in the large easy chair, but her face was pure and still, her eyelids smoothly shut. When it was over she moved her lips into a smile again. Then she came over and sat on the edge of the bed, and pushed off her shoes with her feet. Lieutenant MacNiece pulled off her stockings and helped her unbutton the low buttons of her dress. "Thank you very much," the girl said. She sounded like a sleepy, well-mannered child, making curtsies to her elders, and Lieutenant MacNiece said sharply, "I only do what I have to do," and opened and closed the drawers noisily, putting away the girl's bright new things still with the store creases in them. It was then she began hearing the wind again in long slashes against the window pane, and she felt as though it were beating behind her eyes, trying to force her tears.

On the bed, the girl lay with her face into the pillow, her body drawn up and horribly contorted with a long pain. Afterwards, she stretched her legs slowly and smiled as she opened her eyes. The cords in her forehead

stood high and blue and perspiration lay on her lip. "Well, anyhow," she said absently, dreamily, "I haven't made any noise yet."

"You will," Lieutenant MacNiece said, and then she noticed the pillow where the girl had left a faint half moon of lip rouge. She pulled it from under her head and turned it over before sliding it back. "We don't have enough as it is," she said fiercely and quietly, looking hard into the girl's face, so close to her that she could see the small white scar at the corner of her mouth that gave it its peculiar sweetness, like an unexpected dimple. "Not nearly enough," said Lieutenant MacNiece, "not even for the soldiers." The girl looked back steadily, her eyes distant, and she said softly, like a sigh, "I'm very sorry."

"Sorry," said Lieutenant MacNiece. "We came into the Army to take care of the soldiers, hear? And it's not enough your being sorry that we have to give up our time caring for civilians. It isn't fair, I tell you. Why don't you all go home and have your babies there? This is an army hospital; it's for the soldiers and the nurses, not for you."

Lieutenant MacNiece could hear her own breathing in the small room, and her words still heavy in the air. The girl turned her smiling lips to her, her young face polite and remote, and Lieutenant MacNiece felt something swell and break in her throat. "Listen," she said, her voice blurred and thick, impatient with the words, "Listen you, listen to this. You may not

believe this, but after the war I'm getting married too. There are three gentlemen waiting for me, and all I have to do is choose. And then I'm going to have a baby too, and when I do, I'm going to have it at home, with a doctor there every minute and nurses twenty-four hours a day. Not like this, you hear. Not one bit like this. Why, your husband isn't even here. Everything's makeshift about it, everything. Mine won't be a bit like this."

There was a movement under the sheet, and the girl braced herself, her nails deep into the palm of her hand. "He's walking guard," she said, and bit the corner of her lip so that a pencil line of red moved down the corner of her mouth. "He doesn't know yet." And then she gave herself up to a wave of agony and Lieutenant MacNiece left the room.

III

Out in the corridor it seemed incredible to Lieutenant MacNiece that this was the same hospital the girl lay in, the same that held the words she had said. The halls were still long and shining and black, and all the patients were asleep, with no summoning lights over their doors. She walked down to the Nurse's Office and everything was just as she had left it. She sat down at the desk and noticed for the first time how her head hummed and a muscle in the side of her face kept jumping.

There was nothing to do, she told

herself, and she sat and waited. The wind fought the windows and her teeth held hard against each other so that her jaws ached. She could hear the clock tick and the orderly even snoring in the next room. She waited until the anger had stopped beating against her breast, and then she opened the drug cabinet and unlocked the small box that held the special drugs. She took out a pill, marked the kind on the chart, and dropped the small white capsule into a medicine glass. Finally she walked down the hall again, to the girl's room.

The girl lay with her head hard against the white pillow, her eyes glazed, her lips dry and parted. She turned and looked at Lieutenant MacNiece and said, every word even and dead, "I heard there were pills that helped. I could have one?"

"Oh, my God," Lieutenant MacNiece thought. "She doesn't hate me. She doesn't even know I'm alive."

"No," she said, "not without doctor's orders," and she dropped the little glass with the pill into the pocket of her starched white uniform. There was a long silence and Lieutenant MacNiece watched the girl sink her neat unpainted fingernails into her arm. Then she walked slowly over to the bed and looked under the sheet. She saw the bulge she knew to look for and she knew the birth was near. She looked long and carefully into the girl's closed face and she knew that she'd lost her, that she'd gotten beyond her, and that she could never touch her. She heard the wind, and felt the throbbing in her head, and the tears salt and waiting.

She walked out of the room and as she started down the long black corridor she thought helplessly, "I'll have my hair cut tomorrow," and then she started running, to telephone the doctor and have the anæsthetist paged in the movies in town.



Definitions

THE *Kodak* is the bible of the Mahometans.

Magna Charta provided that no free man should be hanged twice for the same offence.

A *deacon* is an inflammable object, lighted in times of emergency.

— *Shell Magazine*

RUSSIA TAKES THE LEAD IN MUSIC

BY WINTHROP SARGEANT

THE most important fact in contemporary music is unquestionably the existence of a flourishing school of symphonic and operatic music in Soviet Russia. It is true that much of the music written by this school has been shallow and noisy, some of it pretentious; and that propagandists (in America rather than in Russia itself) have tended to over-emphasize the stature and profundity of the school's leading figure, Dimitri Shostakovich. But when these objections have been duly raised, it still remains incontrovertible that Shostakovich, Sergei Prokofieff, Aram Khatchaturian, Tykhon Khrennikov and Dimitri Kabalevsky, as a group, are producing, at the moment, the most ponderable crop of music that is coming out of any nation in the war-torn world. This fact probably will, but need not, further confuse those good souls who are always getting their æsthetics and their politics mixed. It is a comforting thesis that art flourishes best in a democracy. Unfortunately, the art of music is almost barren of examples to support it.

The music of these Russians is

important not only because of its quality but because of its scope. Its composers have dared to undertake a task that the generation before them found too big: the resuscitation of the grand symphonic and operatic style that has been practically dormant since the first World War. The importance of this task cannot be over-estimated. For on the writing of original symphonies and operas depends the survival of the art of music as we know it. The symphony and the opera are to music what the novel and the drama are to the art of literature.

The men who have set themselves this task are curiously unlike in background. The oldest and most mature figure of the group is Sergei Prokofieff, who composed his first works in the reign of Czar Nicholas. Prokofieff started out on the type of composer present-day Russians would stigmatize, paradoxically, as "leftist." He fell at an early date under the international influences of the school of Paris. His earliest important works, the *Scythian Suite* and the *Classical Symphony* though composed in Russia,

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are each an essay in one of the two most popular isms of the World War I period — primitivism and neo-classicism.

A composer of great individuality and fabulous technic, Prokofieff soon left these studies in decadent æsthetics behind. But the school of Paris left a psychological mark on his work that he has never since been quite able to eradicate. He became primarily a composer of satirical rather than profoundly human or spiritual music. He retained in virtually all his subsequent writing a touch of that peculiar, flashy, bouncing and emotionally shallow idiom that is best identified today as the "Diaghileff style." But when you have discounted this tendency toward shallowness Prokofieff remains, by any contemporary standards, a phenomenally gifted artist. The death of Maurice Ravel and the fading powers of Richard Strauss have left him the shrewdest technician in contemporary music.

Prokofieff's relation to the rest of the Soviet school is a somewhat exceptional one. Successively a resident of the United States and Paris, he has been a part of official Soviet music only for the past ten years. But those years, encompassing the musical purge of 1936, with its emphasis upon basic emotions in contrast to mere cleverness, have been crucial ones for Russian music. And, outwardly at least, they have affected Serge Prokofieff as well as the younger members of the school. The purge of 1936 is known to Western musical circles principally as

the occasion when Shostakovich's opera *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk* was publicly flayed in Pravda and its composer accused of a number of musical crimes — "bourgeois formalism," "leftism," etc. — that sounded very contradictory to Western ears. Actually, the purge was not only æsthetically desirable, it was the quite logical outcome of a change in Soviet political policy. The simple fact was that as Soviet politics shifted toward the right, toward nationalism and the liquidation of the old Bolsheviks, Soviet æsthetics shifted along with it. The political results may have alternately surprised and horrified the liberal world; but the æsthetics were as sound as a drum. The positive features of the new musical party line were: a return to old-fashioned mystical nationalism for inspiration; a return to conservatism in technique; a renewed recognition that the main purpose of music is neither to titillate the intellect nor to pique the senses, but to affect the emotions. The new position marked the end of the reign of Diaghileff and the Russo-Parisians. It repudiated the various "experimental" musical jargons of the international leftist intelligentsia that had been known to the world for twenty years as "modern music."

It was not to be expected that this purge would completely change the habits of an already middle-aged artist like Serge Prokofieff. Such subsequent compositions as we have heard (the cantata *Alexander Nevsky*, etc.) have indicated a change in intention rather

than in actual result. But this change, at least, has been radical. The man who once wrote the frothy, satirical, ballet-like opera, *The Love for Three Oranges*, has now completed an opera on no less a subject than Tolstoi's *War and Peace*. To judge Prokofieff in his new rôle as epic tragedian more accurately we will have to wait until *War and Peace* is performed next year at the Metropolitan Opera House.

No such fundamental readjustments have been demanded of Aram Khatchaturian, Dimitri Kabalevsky and Tykhon Khrennikov. Their creative talents had scarcely begun to sprout when the problem of Soviet musical policy was settled. They were not sophisticated cosmopolites like Prokofieff. None of them had ever been outside Russia. Kabalevsky and Khrennikov, in 1936, were in their early twenties. Khatchaturian, an Armenian, had come to Moscow to take his first lessons in the art of music only a decade or so previously.

All three show the technical facility that seems to be the hallmark of contemporary Russian music. All three, by the *avant garde* standards of twenty years ago, are conservative composers. Khatchaturian (judging from his widely-played *Piano Concerto*) is a light-weight composer of pleasing but invertebrate music that is apt to resemble everything from Scriabin to Gershwin. Kabalevsky is apparently still dominated by the plush melodrama of Tchaikovsky, Glazounoff and Rachmaninoff. Of the three, Khrennikov is by far the most

interesting. His *First Symphony* (apparently the only composition by which he is as yet known on this side of the Atlantic) is a work of remarkable taste and individuality. It has the precocious freshness and grace of Shostakovich's *First Symphony*, plus added qualities of tenderness and restraint. Khrennikov has, I understand, composed another symphony, a piano concerto and several operas. If they are anywhere near as good as his *First Symphony*, his is one of the few really distinguished talents in contemporary music.

II

Russia's main candidate for symphonic honor is, of course, Dimitri Shostakovich. Like many an artist whose lot it is to be swept to the top on a bull market of publicity, Shostakovich has suffered several bearish setbacks. American communists have boosted him vociferously simply because he is a leading Soviet composer. Russian communists have relegated him to the Soviet's æsthetic doghouse because they thought he aped the sort of "leftist" radicalism characteristic of bourgeois musical modernists. The international "modern music" lobby started by acclaiming him as a genius. Now that he is the most celebrated and successful of "modern" composers, it has turned against him. The powerful New York critics are inclined to accept him with great caution. The American public that occasionally goes to concerts pictures

him as an intrepid fire warden who calmly tosses off a symphony a year under the muzzles of Hitler's guns.

The debate over Shostakovich arises, I think, from a fundamental fact that is obvious to anyone who takes the trouble to study a cross section of his output. He has both the greatest and the most uneven talent in the Russian school. Perhaps 40 per cent of his work may be frankly dismissed as trash. The other 60 per cent ranges from clever satire to symphonic writing as profound as is being done anywhere today. The satire is deft and brilliant in somewhat the way Prokofieff's is. But in his more inspired moments, Shostakovich has dared to undertake monumental tasks that the older, wiser and slicker Prokofieff has, up to now, avoided.

Shostakovich's curious meanderings between profundity and superficial clatter form a sort of artistic biography which may be easily traced through his familiar compositions. This biography bears everywhere the stamp of an extraordinary musical mind groping through the spiritual confusion of a revolutionary era. It starts with the *First Symphony* and a group of miscellaneous smaller compositions written before he had reached his twentieth birthday. The picture they give is that of an already mature artist who has not only a perfect mastery of musical technique, but a style of his own, and an ability to handle genuine emotional material. There is nothing cultish, modernistic, diffuse or "experimental" about him.

Then, apparently, the precocious youth grows into a smart, cynical adult. The extraordinary mastery of technique remains. But the emotion, the tenderness, the charm dry up. Shostakovich begins to write like nearly everybody else in sterile, post-war Europe. He experiments with trick technical formulas. He does his best work with his tongue in his cheek, and some of it (*Lady Macbeth of Mzensk*) is admittedly brilliant. We get the *Concerto for Piano, Trumpet and Orchestra*, the *Twenty-four Preludes for Piano*, the nose-thumbing *Age of Gold* ballet, the "experimental" *Second Symphony*.

Coming from almost any of the other cynical young composers of the period, these items would have been regarded as pretty scintillating stuff. But in a composer who once showed the promise of Shostakovich's *First Symphony* they were nothing less than tragic. That is probably what the Soviet authorities thought when they launched the new musical policy of 1936, attacked *Lady Macbeth* and persuaded the composer to junk his *Fourth Symphony* before it was even publicly performed. Shostakovich had been writing what the world called "modern music." And in Russia the "modern music" movement was through. Its international revolutionary associations were too close to those of Leon Trotsky.

The way in which Shostakovich responded to this politico-aesthetic thwacking is exceedingly interesting. The spectacle — that of an important

artist being taken to account by his government and told what he may or may not write — is repugnant to the whole tradition of liberal, democratic art. But liberal critics of Soviet policy overlooked two important points. One was that this spectacle was not necessarily repugnant to musical tradition as such. Many of the greatest musicians of the past had flourished under more or less strict tyranny of one sort or another. The other was that, however admirably the liberal position sounded, liberal aesthetics had long since ceased to produce anything much in the musical field but sterile individualism and hopeless anarchy. The Soviet government was interested enough to say, in effect, to its most important composer: "Your work is becoming affected, eccentric, smart-alecky and trivial. Change it, or else!" Liberal aesthetes wrung their hands in horror. But Shostakovich didn't. He disappeared for a year or two, and came up with the finest of all his compositions to date, the *Fifth Symphony*.

Since then the history of Russia has been complicated by war, and conditions for musical creation have conceivably been short of ideal. The long, diffuse and rather thin *Sixth Symphony* failed to match the *Fifth*. The *Seventh* or "*Leningrad*" *Symphony*, hobbled from the start by a journalistic program, is loaded with noisy, patriotic melodrama. But it contains many pages of distinguished music nevertheless. The *Eighth* is to receive its American premiere shortly at the hands of the New York Philharmonic.

The important thing about Shostakovich is that he is one of the very few contemporary composers who have any real understanding of symphonic style. The fact that he knows how to write symphonies may be traced in part to the influence of Maximilian Steinberg, head of the Leningrad Conservatory, and one of the great musical pedagogues of our day. While the rest of musical Europe was rushing madly from one "experimental" or "revolutionary" idiom to another, Steinberg apparently perceived a very simple, though unfashionable truth — that the tradition of monumental symphonic writing was almost exclusively a German and Austrian one, and that its last great representative was the Austrian-Jewish symphonist Gustav Mahler who died in 1911. Steinberg, I am told, long ago set his pupil Shostakovich to studying Mahler's symphonies with results that strongly influenced the depth and symphonic scope of Shostakovich's writing. It is perhaps ironic that revolutionary Russia should be today's outstanding citadel of musical traditionalism.

It is still more ironic that during a war with Germany Russia's "materialist" composers should choose as a model an Austrian who was one of the most mystical composers in music history. But the irony will surprise only those who have failed to assess the cultural ramifications of current Soviet policy. For almost ten years Soviet Russia has been moving, culturally as well as politically, to the right.

► *A sales idea that grew into
a potent cultural influence.*

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Librarian to the Nation

BY RICHARD H. ROVERE

EARLY in 1944, when the membership of the Book-of-the-Month Club reached 600,000, the highest point in its eighteen years of mail-order bookselling, its executives decided to stabilize it at that point for the duration of the war. They are soliciting only enough new members to replace those who die or resign. But at the end of the war, or whenever paper rationing is lifted, the Club is prepared to turn on the sales pressure again and confident of boosting the membership to a million.

If these plans and this neat maneuverability applied to cigarets, girdles, or even magazines, they would scarcely be worth reporting; regulation of demand by advertising is an old story. But since they happen to apply to books, perhaps the most unpredictable of commodities, they are little short of revolutionary. The Book-of-the-Month Club in less than two decades has helped transform bookselling from a dignified but small and profitless trade into a great American business, with an annual turnover far

above \$100,000,000 — of which a fat share falls to the Club! It has shown how high-powered merchandising methods can control the sale of a product in which the mercurial taste of the individual reader has always been the decisive sales factor.

What is more, it has reached its great audience not with self-help books or with what the British call "penny dreadfuls," but with literature of a relatively high, often first-rank, order. In the face of thundering attacks from the rest of the literary community, it has built up a formidable prestige. Today, as it experiments with new activities that may eventually carry it far beyond the mere business of selling books, it bids fair to become an extremely powerful force in American culture.

Although it is the fourth largest customer of the United States Post Office — the first three are the government itself, Sears Roebuck, and Montgomery Ward — it is by no means the country's largest distributor of books. Pocket Books, for example,

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the paper-bound volumes that sell for a quarter through 70,000 retail outlets, have disposed in four years of 35,000,000 books, or as many as the Club has sold in its entire history. Nor, strictly speaking, is it the oldest book club. The Literary Guild, the Club's closest competitor in mail-order selling, did not actually get under way until a few months after Harry Scherman started Book-of-the-Month in 1926; but it had been incorporated in 1921, by Samuel Craig, a crack book promoter who took his cues from the New York Theater Guild and the great German book clubs set up after the last war.

The strength and distinction of the Club, however, do not rest on age or size. All of its rivals in mass distribution either cut prices or reprint well-known books of tested sales appeal. In most cases they do both. Even the enormous People's Book Club, recently launched by Sears Roebuck and Simon & Schuster, will deal only in titles already established as commercial successes. But the Club sells new books in advance of publication to readers who part with their money as an act of faith. Since they have not heard of the monthly choices before they receive the Club's reports, the confidence they place in its literary judgment must be complete and enduring. Of course, the reader has the right to choose any other book, or none at all, in place of the one the judges recommend, but if too many members did so the Club would soon go out of business.

When half a million Americans buy books on this basis, with only Club approval to go on, they signalize their willingness to regard the Club and its judges as their own literary oracle. That is the source of the Club's strength — and it also explains why so many people have feared its influence.

II

The Book-of-the-Month Club was launched in the high noon of Coolidge prosperity. Then as now, its presiding genius was Harry Scherman. Born in Montreal and raised in Philadelphia, Scherman came to New York in 1907 and settled down as a freelance writer. After five years in which his actual sales of literary products were extremely slim, he was willing to admit that creative writing was not for him. He joined the advertising fraternity and soon became an enormously successful copy writer. Working first with Ruthrauff & Ryan, then with J. Walter Thompson, where he specialized in mail order work, he finally moved on, in 1921, to the dignity of the firm of Sackheim & Scherman.

Established in advertising, Scherman soon attacked literature from another angle. In 1914 he married Bernardine Kielty, a young teacher of English who was later to become an editor of the arty *Story* magazine, and through her he met a great many literary people. At one gathering in 1916, Charles Boni, the publisher, chanced to show Scherman a minia-

ture copy of *Romeo and Juliet* bound in soft sheepskin. The book was small enough to fit in a vest pocket. Scherman was fascinated. He borrowed the copy and showed it to executives of the Whitman Candy Company, a client whose product needed a merchandising lift. Before long, the Little Leather Library was a going concern, and candy addicts who nibbled Whitman bonbons were pleased to find themselves getting free copies of Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat* as a chaser. Without candy, the books cost ten cents. Woolworth's sold a million the first year, and by the time the Little Leather Library had exhausted its demand, 40,000,000 pint-sized editions of various classics had been spread over the land.

Scherman now decided that the book world was his oyster. Soon after the demise of the Little Leather Library, he wrote the first prospectus of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Only slightly revised, it remains today the Club's basic promotion piece. It was, in effect, a treatise on the pleasure of reading *new* books. Old books, it argued, are all right in their way, but the flush of the moment is not upon them. "The average intelligent book reader," Scherman wrote, "wants to read the new books as they appear but is overwhelmed by the sheer number of new titles. Unable to read them all, he compromises by reading none. Sometimes he is excited by talk of new books, but

Unfortunately, his memory is not always good. He stops and thinks: "What *was*

that new book I wanted to read?" He cannot remember; he hasn't the time to search among the hundreds of books on the counters. . . . The final result is that he seldom reads the book, immensely as he desired to. . . .

This hit home. It described perfectly the predicament of millions of Americans, products of a constantly expanding educational system, who wanted to be well read but simply foundered in a sea of 8,000 new books a year, to say nothing of the waves of periodical literature that rolled in upon them every week and month. The answer, which followed in the next few pages of the brochure, was obvious. If the reader cannot choose his own books, let someone do it for him. But who?

Scherman came up with five of America's best-known writers: Henry Seidel Canby, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, William Allen White, Christopher Morley and Heywood Broun. It was a shrewdly selected list, one that carried the stamp of culture without being too frighteningly highbrow; literature with a strong dash of journalism; bookish taste with the homey Emporia touch. It was a mellow and respectable jury that Scherman set up, with just a suggestion of intellectual daring in the Broun reputation.

Thus far the panel of judges has remained unchanged. When Broun died in 1939, the remaining four carried on. Now that the ranks have been reduced to three by the death of William Allen White, it is likely that additions will be made. The judges are

assisted by a staff of nineteen readers who eliminate the impossible titles from the hundreds submitted each month. For a short time the going was smooth. Four thousand readers responded immediately and a year later there were 40,000. With the Club's success, however, imitators mushroomed everywhere — first the Literary Guild and the Book League, then a host of special clubs for children, poetry lovers, Catholics, scientists, communists, mystery fans, Protestants, organized Freethinkers. All this competition did not greatly bother the Club, but it certainly bothered publishers and booksellers.

American publishing, never efficiently organized from the commercial point of view, was set up to produce a great many titles in small editions. The book clubs emphasized a few titles in large editions. Publishers reasoned that it was better for them to do business with the bookstores, where one book competed with another in an open market, than to wait for an occasional bonanza from a club. Extremely high sales for a few books, they feared, would mean no sales at all for others and authorship would be discouraged. Furthermore, accustomed to selling to bookstores at from 30 to 40 per cent below list price, publishers were deeply grieved by the high discounts the clubs demanded, ranging all the way up to the 70 per cent asked by Book-of-the-Month. (It was not until much later that the Club inaugurated its present policy, which is to print its own editions of books, pay-

ing the publisher a substantial royalty for the privilege.)

Authors, critics, and college professors were rallied to the cause of the publishers. They forecast the doom of American culture if the book clubs continued to grow. Several publishers pledged never to submit their books to the Club. Excitement was highest when, in March 1929, Book-of-the-Month selected a spicy tale called *Cradle of the Deep*, the autobiography of a young beauty named Joan Lowell, who had supposedly spent her entire life aboard a sailing vessel on which she was the only woman in a crew of horny-handed seafarers. That same month, the late John Macrae, president of E. P. Dutton, had done everything within his power to have the Club select a Dutton book called *The Pathway*, by Henry Williamson. When *Cradle of the Deep*, making not the slightest pretense to literary value, was selected, Macrae was furious. By the time the press revealed that Miss Lowell's story was a bare-faced hoax, that she had spent a quiet childhood on *terra firma* in California, he was out for blood. With the five judges virtually in hiding, Macrae accused Harry Scherman of playing publishing politics, of doctoring his discount figures, of telling his judges what books to choose. Macrae's passion was his undoing. Scherman, to whom business honesty is a whole economic philosophy, had no trouble refuting the charges. Confronted with the evidence, Macrae publicly apologized.

But Scherman was forced to yield

on one important issue. Many objective persons had said that it was pure sham for any five men, or any fifty, to claim that one book was *the* book of the month. At best, it was pointed out, the judges could read only the fifteen or twenty books selected by the preliminary readers. Besides, even if literary measuring-rods existed, no one could compare fiction* with poetry, biography with *belles lettres*.

The Lowell incident proved the case. Since 1929, the Club, which had told members that they were getting "the best book published each month," has merely said that they would get the book the judges enjoyed the most.

The real fear of the booksellers, of course, was that their business would fall away. Why should people buying books by mail ever go into a bookstore? Throughout the argument, Scherman had maintained that, far from harming the retail dealers, the club would actually increase their sales. He pointed out that there were only about 500 bookstores in the country anyway, and that most Americans would be hard put to tell where the nearest one was. His claims were reinforced by Al Smith's classic remark of the period: "Now where in hell would I go to buy a book?" Once, visiting some publishing friends, Scherman proved that the Club was selling books to people whom the bookstores could not possibly reach. He asked his skeptical hearers to name several of the very smallest towns they knew of. When they did, he phoned

the Club for a list of members in those towns. Fifteen minutes later he told the publishers of at least one member in each of the hamlets.

III

Those who were still unconvinced surely have their answers today. The book clubs have caused no decrease in the annual number of new titles. When Book-of-the-Month started in 1926, the United States published 8,000 new books a year; today we are crowding 11,000. Total sales have increased vastly. And Scherman was right about the bookstores, which, incidentally, have almost doubled in number in the last ten years. Today the average bookstore sale of a Club choice is 48,000; the average sale of other titles by the same authors is 24,000. Evidently the publicity and word-of-mouth advertising that a Club selection gets exactly doubles its sale through the orthodox retail channels. So the booksellers, who today actually act as agents for the Club, are no longer complaining. Nor are the publishers. When the lightning strikes, they get a flat fee of \$25,000 for the first 100,000 copies, and they can normally expect about \$60,000 more, not counting the increased sale of other works by the same author. And the author is hardly likely to grouse. He gets half the publisher's take, and the advantage of increased bookstore sales.

From April 1926 to April of this year, 263 titles have been tapped by

the Club's judges, and 88 book "dividends," mostly new editions of old classics, have been chosen by Harry Scherman. The entire list reveals no distinct pattern or rigid principles of selection. Naturally, there are limits within which the judges instinctively keep. As difficult a book, say, as James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* could not possibly be selected for 600,000 readers, no matter what its excellence in the eyes of the few critics who understand it. Nor would they be likely to jeopardize their reputations by selecting anything too offensive to current moral standards.

But within these self-imposed limits, the judges have moved with apparent freedom. Great books do not blossom forth on a monthly schedule, and the Club can scarcely be blamed if a great many of its choices are now peacefully at rest in some literary limbo. It has picked some very bad books, and it has missed some fine ones. Thomas Wolfe, William Faulkner, and Sherwood Anderson, to name only three distinguished contemporaries, have never been honored by the Club. Ernest Hemingway did not make the list until *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* was passed up in spite of the great pre-publication ballyhoo it received. On the other hand, the list includes a fair number of modern classics — Isak Dinesen's *Seven Gothic Tales*, Ignazio Silone's *Bread and Wine*, Edward Arlington Robinson's *Tristram*, Carl Sandburg's *Lincoln*, the Beards' *Rise of American Civilization*,

Constance Rourke's *Audubon*. If any pattern emerges from the selections, it is simply the pattern of our time — 1929, *All Quiet on the Western Front*; 1933, *Little Man, What Now?*; 1934, *Merchants of Death*; 1937, *Bulwark of the Republic*; 1941, *Blood, Sweat, and Tears*; 1942, *Victory Through Air Power*.

For the most part, the hotter political questions have been ignored; in October 1934, the judges eased their way out of a difficult corner by making a dual selection of Herbert Hoover's *Challenge to Liberty* and Henry Wallace's *New Frontiers*. About 30 per cent of the choices have been either first books by American authors or the first books published in America by foreign authors. The Club points to this figure as evidence that it does not, as so many have charged, pick only books that are obvious best-sellers even before they hit the market. As a matter of fact, any number of selections have been coldly received by the general public, and Harry Scherman is as proud of these as he is of the great books his judges have picked. He feels that an occasional failure shows their independence.

The Club has distributed books of widely varying quality, and of every genre from light fiction to serious poetry and heavy philosophy, but it finds surprisingly little change in reader reaction from book to book. Long before acceptances are tabulated, it knows that it can safely place a print order for about 260,000, or roughly 45 per cent of the member-

ship; 15 per cent will take some other current book, and the remainder go on a literary vacation.

The truth seems to be that members regard the Club very much as Harry Scherman suspected they would when he wrote the original prospectus. Individual initiative and the free market in ideas may be an essential part of democratic culture, but they are ideals which the average man finds it hard to attain. Eager to read, but living in a perpetually hurried civilization and groaning under a massive load of reading matter, not to mention the other entertainment facilities that compete for his time, he needs a literary guide and councillor. Reliance on authority may deaden his individual taste and powers of discrimination, but under the circumstances he has precious little chance to develop and exercise these virtues. But the Book-of-the-Month Club, by directing attention to a few books each year, by giving each month, in its *News*, a quick and readable survey of the literary output, draws up an easily followed routine for hours of leisure and self-improvement. It is, in a sense, a kind of friendly librarian to the nation.

The potential influence of the Club can readily be seen through the reception given some of its more recent activities. Under Edwin Seaver, a proletarian novelist and former book reviewer, the publicity department of the Club has become almost a Chamber of Commerce for the publishing industry. Seaver works on the theory that whatever helps reading helps the

Club, and vice versa. He has been resourceful and versatile. He prepares two radio scripts, *Books and Authors* and *Readers and Writers*, used by about 700 local stations. Fifteen hundred newspapers print a weekly book review column which he writes with his assistant, Robin McKown. Thanks to Mr. Seaver, ladies who belong to the Jolly Seventeen Literary Society no longer have to read the books on which they report to their admiring friends. They can obtain, gratis, neatly packaged reviews expertly written by Mr. Seaver, in the amateur prose those ladies might be expected to use. *Ex Libris*, an adaptation of Robert Ripley's Believe-It-or-Not cartoons, bringing out quaint or incredible facts about literature, is accepted by 850 newspapers. King Features, the Hearst Syndicate, has taken, at Seaver's suggestion, a kind of comic strip based on current Club selections that lend themselves to that kind of serializing. Although little of this material is specifically intended to sell current Club choices, its total effect is to increase the prestige of the Club as a force in American culture.

How great a force it will become depends upon the Club itself. By using all the tricks of modern merchandising, it has learned how to reduce the risks in bookselling to an unprecedented minimum. By strategic advertising and promotion, its volume of business can be expanded or contracted like an accordion. No one has ever heard of the law of diminishing returns applying to books.

If, by default of the publishers, the Club does their public relations job, its name will become almost synonymous with current literature in the minds of millions. Club executives see no good reason why they cannot enroll almost every literate family in America. "Anyone who reads a newspaper or a magazine," Seaver has said, "is a potential book reader and book buyer." There is even talk that the

Club may, like the *Reader's Digest*, which it resembles in many ways, set up an international service after the war. Some advance promotion is already being done. This winter, through the courtesy of the United States government, millions of Latin Americans have been introduced to their Good Neighbor's literature through regular broadcasts of passages from the current Book-of-the-Month.



"Well, that's the story. The problem now is to tell the Führer without being suspected of listening to the British radio."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Architecture

POSTWAR BUILDING

BY THEODORE CRANE

I RECENTLY talked to an architect associated with one of our better known architectural firms and he made the remark, "Good engineering *is* architecture." It tersely described a trend in the architectural world, which, if persisted in, will hardly add to architectural æsthetics.

Practically the entire construction program today is purely utilitarian. This is a logical requirement of our war economy. But what most people do not realize is that, for over twenty years, there has been developing a school of thought that would delimit architectural design by the purely practical considerations of planning and structure—a theory, in other words, that in the end would debase our future architecture to the level of mere roofed enclosures.

Very fortunately, the final judges of the quality of our postwar buildings will be the public, whose taste the so-called "modern" architect will not care to offend very long. But the same public, in order to assert its

wishes effectively, will have to understand the situation better. Following the period of colonial architecture, we adapted the traditional European styles with considerable success until the development of structural steel frames, which permitted buildings of a height out of all proportion to their historical prototypes. Then, during the early decades of this century, we saw representations of the traditional styles, such as Gothic and Renaissance, hung like garments about our many-storied, steel-framed buildings. Such designs were distinctly anachronistic, often incongruous, but it was not an easy task to evolve a satisfactory æsthetic appearance for a twenty- or thirty-story steel frame. Consequently, as in the case of other innovations, the steel skeleton was enclosed within an old and accepted form. We see the same principle exemplified by our earlier electric light fixtures which simulate candles or lamps, and many of us remember the early automobiles which were actually horseless carriages.

Gradually, however, under the influence of a few leading architects,

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aided by technical improvements and stimulated principally by economic or other practical demands, the traditional styles of architecture were largely discarded. In their place appeared a type of modern design, embodying not only utility and economy, but also a satisfactory æsthetic appearance. This was obtained largely through a just proportionment of masses and the functional expression of the building plan and structure with due regard for character, which identifies the purpose of the building, and the elements of good composition.

II

If we had continued along these lines, all would have been well. But the reaction against traditional styles of architecture did not stop at this point. Having discarded the form, there were many who discarded the spirit as well, that is, they denied the validity of what we call the basic principles of architectural design such as balance and unity and the humanistic element which relates the appearance of a building to its use.

The fallacy of such thinking is well illustrated by my own experience. Not so long ago I saw this principle applied to the design of a free-standing tower to carry a sixteen-bell carillon. The designer followed the dictates of good engineering — structural strength, utility and economy — but scorned all other considerations. The result was a steel frame unenclosed by stone or brick. Each detail was completely

functional. Specialists were consulted to insure every facility for the proper installation, operation and upkeep of the bells and their mechanism. There was just one fault. The completed drawings conveyed unequivocally the impression of a water tower. If such a structure had been erected for the purpose intended, the community would undoubtedly have taken up a subscription for its removal.

The advocates of this materialistic school point to the suspension bridge as an illustration of design that may attain high æsthetic value through the application of strictly engineering principles. This is quite true, but it doesn't apply to a building, because there is something far more personal in buildings than in bridges. We live in buildings or carry on our business, professional, and social activities within them and around them. There are deep-rooted associations, part of the cultural heritage of our race, demanding that a church have a religious atmosphere, that a court house have dignity. Purely engineering considerations in the design of such buildings cannot satisfy such demands.

Some say that the public should be educated to accept a strictly functional treatment for buildings. This viewpoint impresses me as extremely naïve. It seems strange that we should have to argue the question at all. To reduce architecture to that which is possible by the mere application of engineering principles, is stripping the very soul from one of the greatest of the arts.

If good architectural design were delimited solely by utilitarian and functional considerations, why could we not plan a church along the same lines as a gymnasium? A functional altar could be placed at one end and slight structural changes, or interior surface treatments, would insure good acoustical conditions. As for the pews, they could well be dispensed with as not permitting sufficient flexibility, which is a vital point with these utilitarians. Two crosses elevated above the roof might identify the building as a place of worship but, upon second thought, the crosses would have to be eliminated because they are utterly unfunctional unless designed as lightning rods. As a matter of fact, crosses would be demanded only by the reactionary members of the congregation who were still laboring under the impression that a place of worship should express an interpretation of

Christian tradition. No, from this "modern" viewpoint it would be a weakness to accept the crosses. A much better alternative would be to apply in clear, metal letters, the word CHURCH at each end of the structure, so that the uninitiated would not mistake the building for a recreation hall.

The comparison of the bridge with buildings designed for human occupancy may help to clarify the fundamental difference between engineering and architecture. If you still desire a purely functional design for your own home and the public buildings of your town, you may rest in peace and the wish will probably be fulfilled. If you are actually convinced that there is something more in architecture than the purely practical and that this something is worth having, it is within your power to avoid a materialistic period of postwar building.

Anthropology

SOCIAL SECURITY, PRIMITIVE STYLE

BY ALICE L. MARRIOTT

WE are justly proud of our system of social security. It took us 167 years as a nation to achieve this system and, all things considered, that is a remarkably short time. Yet there are among us groups of people, whom we carelessly call savages, who had sys-

tems of social security and retirement insurance in good working order long before the white invasion.

The systems differed widely from one another, but they had many features in common with and similar to those of our own system. The "Give Away" of the Plains Indians, for example, who inhabit the region between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi Valley contained most of these

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features: respect for the aged, sharing of surplus wealth and provision for widows and orphans. All of them were fused into a community festival.

The life of the Plains Indians — Cheyenne, Arapaho, Sioux, Crow, Blackfoot, and Comanche, among others — was not communistic, in the sense that all property was shared by all members of the group. Land ownership could not be communistic to a people who did not stay in one place long enough to need to own land. In fact, mere land had little property value. All property was purely personal property, belonging only to individuals, and included horse herds, horse gear, dwellings, domestic utensils, as well as clothing and ornaments.

But there was a feeling that in material things all members of a community should be as near the same level as possible. Superiority of position was based on non-material rather than on material possessions. A man became famous for his bravery in battle or his wisdom in council: he became noted as a singer or drummer or dancer; he was known as a maker of fine weapons; or he was a healer whose Power made the sick to walk.

Through the exercise of his profession a man naturally accumulated property. He captured horses and goods from the enemy; he traded his skills and their products for the skills and products of others. He was paid in horses, dried foods, deer-skins, weapons, tools, feathers — whatever, in short, other men had that he had not.

By these means some men, espe-

cially those who were lucky in war, accumulated large amounts of surplus possessions. Their goods and chattels eventually reached the point of being unwieldy to move, a nuisance to pack, and a social menace by attracting too much attention from the community and too many comments on the owner's luck, which soon assumed the aspect of mere greed.

When that time came, the problem of surplus wealth and public envy was solved by the Give Away. Announcement might be made through the camp that at a certain time and place Big Bear would give away. Big Bear's Give Away would be held in honor of his first grandson, whose ears had just been pierced at the age of one month.

At the time and place set for the Give Away, everybody in camp would assemble. Big Bear, wearing his finest clothes, would welcome them. He would comment on the beauty of the weather, and the great honor that his friends did him in coming to see this first grandson, whose ears had been pierced with great skill by White Shell Woman. And now, before things went any further, there would be a dance.

Drummers and singers, knowing that their skill and zeal would be rewarded, would oblige with music. Young men would rise and dance ebulliently, with women of all ages forming a solid, solemn, shuffling wall behind them. When the dance was over and his guests had returned to their seats, Big Bear would speak again. He wanted his grandson to grow up into a fine, generous man, he would say. He wanted

his grandson to realize that he was fortunate in having a family that loved him and provided him with the best. Also he wanted the boy to know that there were others in the world less fortunate than he, and that he owed them the debt of respect and good will. In token of his grandson's willingness to meet his obligations promptly, he would call on White Shell Woman to step forward.

White Shell Woman would come with an appearance of womanly reluctance to appear before a crowd; great surprise that anyone owed her anything and slight and self-respecting confusion that it should be thought that she needed anybody's help. White Shell Woman had been selected to do the ear-piercing in the first place because she was a widow over seventy, alone in the world. A young woman, or one who had someone to look out for her, would not have been chosen.

Big Bear would hand White Shell Woman a horse, and not a horse alone, but a horse fully equipped and laden: with a tipi cover, perhaps; and hide-cases full of dried meat; hides to make a dress, or a dress and moccasins ready-made; anything and everything that an old woman, not too strong, could use. White Shell Woman would be overcome with gratitude, murmur her thanks through streaming tears, and then make a war whoop for this fine young grandson who was so good to the poor and aged. The war whoop was as much a matter of etiquette as the tears, and had the merit of guaranteeing White Shell Woman another

horse when she wanted to claim it; no man could refuse a horse to a woman who had made the war whoop for him publicly at a social function. This instrument of potential blackmail, incidentally, never developed into what it might have been in less savage society. There were recognized times and places for the uttering of the whoop, and they were never abused nor confused.

II

After White Shell Woman had been rewarded for ear-piercing, the distribution of property became more general. There was only one restriction placed on Big Bear's generosity; he could not give away anything to a person who did not need it, or to a person who was a member of his own family. The giving away did four things: it established Big Bear's generosity of spirit with the community; it guaranteed for his grandson an equal reputation for generosity; it provided for the material needs of the poor, the aged, the widowed, and the orphaned; and it assured Big Bear of the same generosity from another member of the community should the time come when he himself were in need. Providing dancing between acts of ceremonious giving incidentally assured the pleasurable participation of the members of the community who were too young either to give or receive, and conditioned them to look upon a Give Away as a thing pleasant in itself.

The end of the day might find Big

Bear and his wife stripped of all material possessions. The desire to bestow might have led them to give away even the clothing in which they stood; the tipi in which they might have slept that night. Their recourse was to take shelter with relatives, borrow a couple of horses for the next day's move, and go about building up their store again.

If Big Bear were a relatively young man, the latter could be done easily enough. Men often were grandfathers at thirty-five on the Plains. If he were older, he might never again accumulate more than sufficient worldly goods to keep himself and his wife clothed, fed and sheltered. But with the memory of that glorious Give Away behind him, neither he nor his wife would ever know need. If somebody else had a Give Away, Big Bear would be among those to receive. And if there were no Give Away, someone would send in food or a pair of moccasins, and there would always be a woman with a big old tipi cover to cut down to make a smaller shelter for the old couple.

Give Aways went on all the time and all took part in them. If one never accumulated enough goods to hold a Give Away, one could share what one had from day to day, and some day one would thus be worthy to receive at a more fortunate person's Give Away. One had to earn the right to receive by willingness to share one's food; to dance and sing at the Give Aways of others, as well as by holding Give Aways oneself.

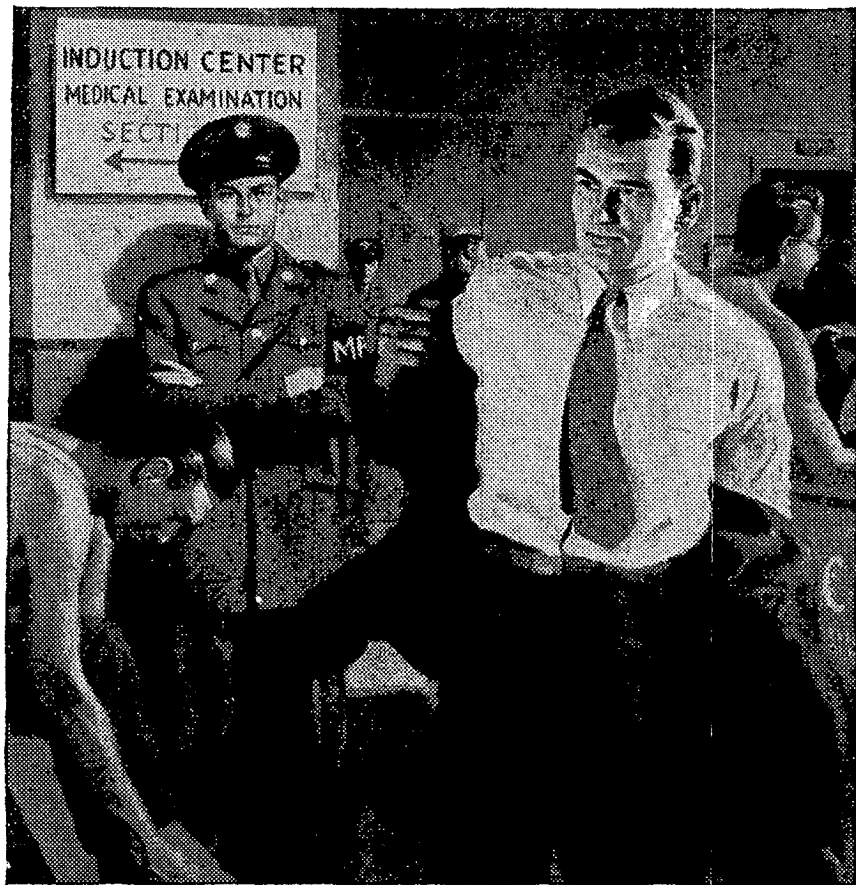
By stripping the wealthy man of his

worldly goods, the Give Away protected the community against the evils that might go with hoarded wealth. There was no point in envying a man's material possessions, when one knew that he held them in trust for the community, to which he must return them. There was no point in planning what to do with inherited wealth, for there would be no wealth to inherit. If a man died with a store of goods, his relatives held a Give Away immediately after his death, and his sons lived and worked on a par with other men, for they might keep nothing for themselves. There was no point in theft when there was always the possibility that a thing might be given to you.

Most important of all, in Plains Indian eyes, was the Give Away's function as introducer and conditioner of children to social responsibility. If you were Big Bear's grandson, and your grandfather had held an important Give Away in your name when your ears were pierced, it was the same as if you had given away yourself. You were established in the community's eyes as a generous person, and you must live up to your reputation.

There are a few Give Aways in states from Oklahoma north to Montana still held from time to time. At the last one that I attended in the Cheyenne country in Western Oklahoma, dollar bills changed hands instead of horses, and the date chosen was Christmas, so that all the mission Sunday-school children could be there. But there was still a squawling small grandson with newly-pierced ears.

Who'd guess he'd be fighting



NOBODY GUESSED Bob would be turned down. A strong, healthy boy like that!

But the eye of the X-ray saw that Bob had early tuberculosis. Luckily, with the help of a sanatorium he will

almost certainly be cured.

What is true of Bob is true of thousands who have tuberculosis—*many don't even suspect it*. Yet every tuberculous person may be a danger to his family, his associates, himself.

Tuberculosis—instead of Japs?



Tuberculosis is contagious. The crowded living and working conditions of wartime are particularly favorable for spreading the germs. Tuberculosis germs find easier victims when general health is low because of overwork, improper sleeping and eating habits, or the strain of war. The best precaution is *keeping fit*, plus *regular physical examinations including chest X-rays*.



An X-ray of your chest can detect tuberculosis before other symptoms become apparent—

often before it becomes contagious. The usual symptoms—a persistent cough, chest pains, blood-streaked sputum—may come very late. Then cure is slow and difficult. Loss of weight, touches of indigestion, a constant tired feeling may mean tuberculosis.



Unfortunately, State health departments and tuberculosis sanatoriums report that some patients are forsaking health institutions for jobs in wartime industry—thus gambling away their chances of recovery, and exposing others to infection.

Tuberculosis is dangerous to all ages,

but particularly to young adults. Girls in their teens or early twenties should be especially alert to the danger, doubly so if working long hours. Elderly people with coughs, “bronchitis,” or “asthma” may have the disease. If you or members of your family have been in contact with a tuberculous person, see your doctor.

Remember that tuberculosis can usually be cured—if discovered early. Tremendous progress has been made. Thirty years ago the death rate among wage-earning families was 220 per hundred thousand people. Today it is about 40. On request, Metropolitan will gladly send you a free booklet, “Tuberculosis.”

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► *A college president who
has ideas on education:*

HUTCHINS OF CHICAGO UNIVERSITY

BY ADOLPH E. MEYER

WHEN, in 1929, Robert Maynard Hutchins became the fifth president of the University of Chicago, he was barely thirty years old. Because of his tender years he was promptly clasped to the solicitous bosom of the journalistic brethren who proclaimed him the Chicago Child Wonder, the Boy President and the Wise Young Man from Yale. Although he *was* the youngest university President in the Republic, Mr. Hutchins had not been idle before coming to Chicago. While still a stripling of twenty-three he had become Secretary of Yale, doing, as he put it, "oratorical work for Yale University." In essence his job was to go out and fetch good hard cash, a duty which he performed commendably.

At the age of twenty-eight, though out of Yale's Law School only a couple of years, he was made dean of that establishment. Almost at once he let it be known that the place was in for some changes and set himself the job of transforming it from a third-rate trade school to something more eminent and worthwhile. In his quest for this goal he became known as a

troublemaker and a hell-raiser. These titles he still holds, though since then he has, of course, acquired several others.

Just how many times he has been called a fascist and a communist is impossible to tell. President Cowley of Hamilton has pronounced Hutchins' theories as being "so bad that even the Nazis threw them out." He has been labeled a Jesuit and an atheist, as well as "the most dangerous man in American education."

Born in Brooklyn, New York, Hutchins none the less stems from an ancient line of New Englanders, his earliest American ancestor having arrived there in the seventeenth century. As might be expected, a good number of Hutchins' sires were men of learning while several adorned holy orders. His father, William James Hutchins, operated in both realms, serving the Lord for a while as a Presbyterian pastor, but finishing as president of Berea College, a small but first-rate school in Kentucky. Hutchins says he was raised "in a way that was not unusual for persons born at that time":

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We had morning prayers with a Bible reading every day. We went to church twice on Sunday. The result of the first is that I was amazed three weeks ago when in a class I was teaching I found a senior at the University of Chicago who had never heard of Joshua. The result of the second is that it is very hard for me to go to church now.

Though Hutchins has admitted that he doesn't attend church regularly he has found himself "singing, humming, or moaning third-rate hymns like *Blest Be the Tie That Binds* while shaving, while waiting on the platform to make a speech, or in other moments of abstraction or crisis."

In the educational arena Hutchins has been active as long as he can remember. He went to Oberlin and Yale, taking his degree from the latter. In his studies he did pretty well, though he seems proud of the fact that he has "been permitted to glory in the possession of an unmathematical mind," while his "scientific attainments were of the same order." In the sphere of public speaking, however, he reflected considerable luster. Not too affluent in those days, he increased his capital by, waiting on table and organizing and running the Cooperative Tutoring Bureau, a body which flourished both culturally and economically. As a hell-raiser, however, he didn't get launched until soon after his graduation when at an alumni dinner he attacked Yale's "moss-grown tradition, futile routine, and sterile conservatism," as well as "the practical uselessness of most college courses."

Robert Maynard Hutchins stands a towering six feet three inches. Topped by dark and plentiful hair, he is one of the vanishing Americans who part it in the middle. His eyes are a penetrating black. He dislikes physical exercise and isn't a bit reluctant in telling the world about it. To the YMCA he once declared, "The American public is overexercised and overbathed." He has been married over a score of years to Maude Phelps Hutchins, a professional sculptress of some repute, and on occasion, he will pose for his wife, or even attend her exhibitions.

However, the Chicago president is not very keen about social affairs. True, like most college presidents, he belongs to the best clubs, including Chicago's University and Union League, but outside of paying his dues he has little to do with them. His social aloofness extends to the members of his faculty, few of whom he ever invites to his home. Hutchins is not even a familiar figure on the campus. Indeed, on one occasion he addressed the student body because he felt it urgent to dispel the myth that he did not exist.

Unlike nearly all school executives, Robert Hutchins has never lost his interest in teaching. In fact, most of his spare time goes into reading the current books to get himself ready for his class in the history of ideas. As in everything else, Hutchins has his own ideas on what constitutes good teaching. "The responsibility of adding to the world's knowledge," he once said,

"does not rest upon the college. Its object is to communicate it." Achieved not from "pre-digested pills, fed to students, and disgorged by them in class," good teaching springs from the instructor's ability to stimulate his students to thought.

"Original contact with original minds," in the form of reading great books is what Hutchins demands of his students. This reading should provoke thought, and thought demands discussion. When a student has no questions to ask, there is nothing for him to learn. While at Yale Hutchins was known to dismiss a class a few minutes after its start if its students had no questions to ask. Hutchins is no friend of the current soft pedagogy, and when his students are naïve or shoddy in their logic he even resorts to sarcasm. Withal, however, they hold him in high esteem, particularly for the forthrightness of his ideas. Like all young people, moreover, they are not averse to amiable kidding, an art wherein Hutchins excels. To seniors he once revealed that he had the education of a sophomore, and to sophomores he said that he knew less than a high school senior. "The faculty," he has also asserted, "does not amount to much, but the president and the students are wonderful."

II

When Hutchins took over at Chicago there was much fretful speculation as to what this young hell-raiser from Yale might do. Nor was this under-

tow of worry relaxed when the president announced that the "scheme of things perhaps might be changed." What this dark hint meant was soon to become plain. Taking the University's thirty-eight departments, which ran things more or less as they pleased, consulting the president only on finances, Hutchins had them compressed into four divisions whose deans were to report to him directly. As a consequence seventy-two separate financial budgets were reduced to twenty-four, and subsequently to twelve.

But if this change scraped the moss from Chicago's ancient traditions, then the so-called Chicago Plan did even more. Put into being some two years after Hutchins took office, it seeks at bottom to simplify college education. The credit system, so cherished by the American savants, has been tossed on the scrap pile. Required class attendance, as much a part of the higher learning as ivied walls, has been discontinued, with the strange result that classes are now better attended than ever. Final course examinations have been replaced by a series of comprehensive examinations, which a student may take when he feels competent to pass them. Under the Chicago Plan it is possible for a normally intelligent student to get his bachelor's degree in two years instead of the usual four, a feat which, even in these wartime days of the academic speedup, most colleges are still reluctant to approve.

Although the Chicago professors

gave their consent to the introduction of the Chicago Plan, they have never allowed Hutchins to talk them into accepting his educational theories. These they have often openly denounced as heresies. Hutchins is convinced that American higher learning is too much concerned with getting money. "An American university," he has remarked, "will teach anything which will attract philanthropy or student fees," and

the love of money means that a university must attract students. To do this it must be attractive. This is interpreted to mean that it must go to unusual lengths to house, feed, and amuse the young. . . . The emphasis on athletics and social life that infects all colleges and universities has done more than most things to confuse these institutions and to debase the higher learning in America.

It is because of their lust for money, he believes, that universities have permitted financial windfalls to determine their educational policy. What Hutchins suggests is that it should be the other way round: "They should have an educational policy first and then try to finance it, instead of letting financial accidents determine their educational policy."

Nor is Hutchins hospitable to the current academic credo that an American university should be a community service-station, that "it should make itself felt in the community." He does not believe that "a state university must help the farmers look after their cows," or that an endowed university "must help adults get better jobs by giving them courses in the afternoon

and evening." A university, he insists, has no business in giving way to popular pressures and vocational fads. Courses in cosmetology and novel-writing may have their place, he admits, but that place is certainly not the higher learning.

President Hutchins annoys his faculty no end when he tells them that it is not the purpose of the higher learning to teach character:

Another theory we have developed is the character-building theory. It may be that we don't teach our students anything, but but what of it? That isn't our purpose. Our purpose is to turn out well-tubbed young Americans who know how to behave in the American environment. Association with one another, with gentlemanly professors, in beautiful buildings will, along with regular exercise, make our students the kind of citizens our country needs.

"Man," Hutchins keeps on reminding his professors, "is a rational animal." This is the persistent drumbeat in everything he has ever said concerning the aims of education:

A university is the place of all places to grapple with those fundamental principles which may be established by rational thought. A university course of study, therefore, will be concerned first of all not with current events, for they do not remain current, but with the recognition, application and discussion of ideas. These ideas may chiefly be discovered in the books of those who clarified and developed them. These books are, I suggest, at once more interesting and more important than the textbooks which, consumed at the rate of ten pages a day, now constitute our almost exclusive diet from the grades to the Ph.D.

To achieve his intellectual goal President

dent Hutchins would like to see the university return to first principles, including grammar, rhetoric, logic and mathematics, with metaphysics pervading the whole.

That Hutchins' theories on higher education have angered the professors of typewriting and other "practical subjects" is understandable. But, strangely enough, the professors of philosophy, too, have given Hutchins the full force of their disapproval on the ground that he "overlooks the rôle of experience in education." They accused him of being "reactionary and scholastic." None the less Hutchins keeps on trying. Not so long ago his ideas scored a slight victory with the abolition of Chicago's School of Education. Commenting gleefully on this event, Hutchins remarked: "The faculty of the Department of Education wanted to study education, not to get teachers ready for jobs." But the School of Business remains. Likewise the School of Social Service Administration. No doubt President Hutchins is serious when he sadly insists that at Chicago "the wrong things are taught the right way."

III

Convinced that the college's task is chiefly cultural, Hutchins is well known as the opponent of Big Time Football. He insists that Chicago should try to be "a college instead of a football team." "Athleticism," he declared, "attracts boys and girls to college who . . . cannot use an edu-

cation." When he was told that colleges played not for money but to instill the Manly Virtues, he suggested that in that case the colleges should "reduce admission to ten cents." When his opponents tried to show that football is a source of college revenue, he produced rafts of facts and figures to demonstrate the contrary. "St. Mary's College, home of the Galloping Gaels," he attested, "was sold at auction and bought in by a bondholders' committee. This was the country's most sensational football college." Then Hutchins went still further by calling for a thorough scholarly analysis of the relationship between football and college finance:

I might suggest to those who make the study that they scrutinize the accounting methods of some of our educators to see if they are charging up coaches and even trainers as "professors," the purchase of players to "contingent expense," and the debt on the stadium to real estate.

With such lukewarm sympathy from their president, the Chicago football players began to lose steadily and the alumni took alarm. When one of them warned the president that "if the university abolishes football, my son, now fifteen years old, will not want to go there," Hutchins, who had once said that "all alumni are dangerous," and that "no useful change could ever be made with their approval," paid absolutely no attention. Finally the football team began to lose so consistently that everybody became convinced that football at Chicago should be banned, which is exactly what Hutchins wanted, of course.

He may be skeptical about what some of his professors teach, but he makes no reservations whatsoever about their freedom of teaching. His professors dare to oppose him publicly on all sorts of questions. They know that their chief respects their academic freedom. "Hutchins of Chicago," Professor Thomas Vernon Smith, one of Hutchins' sharper philosophic critics, has declared, "would resign his presidency rather than to let a single professor suffer for freedom of speech within the law." "The only question," Hutchins has always maintained, "that can properly be raised about a professor is his competence in his field —"

His private life, his political views, his social attitudes, his economic doctrine, these are not the concern of his university; still less are they the concern of the public. I have no patience with the philosophy of "Yes, but" as applied to this matter. Any position short of the one I have stated will be found to involve such compromises that nothing is left of academic freedom.

That this is no vapid sermonizing Hutchins has amply proved. Four times in two years various Chicago interests tried to gag some of his faculty because of their public and private utterances, but always the president fought off the obscurantists. The most spectacular of these onslaughts came in 1935 when Charles R. Walgreen, the wealthy head of the Walgreen drug chain, discovered that his niece Lucille had been reading *Russia's New Primer* in connection with her government course.

The druggist clamored for a state

investigation into the university's "communistic menace." Some of the trustees, just as horrified by the whole affair as Walgreen himself, were all for cashiering the seditious professors. But the president stood by his men. Indeed, he even trekked to all of the hearings conducted by the Illinois Senate and sat through the long proceedings. When it was finally over, no communism had been found in Chicago's Gothic halls.

If Hutchins is deemed a trouble-maker by his trustees and his faculty, it is primarily because he says what he thinks. Does the American Association of University Professors accuse him of trying to be a dictator? Then plainly the whole business is "a balloon full of wind." Should teachers be required to swear special oaths of allegiance to the Constitution? Yes, "provided parents, cinema stars, and radio entertainers are required to do the same." Does the faculty committee charge him with meddling with the medical school? "Professor, you lie in your teeth!" When a donor of \$25,000 tried to dictate in matters that didn't concern him, Hutchins cracked down with the reminder that "donors of less than \$50,000 are not allowed to open their heads."

Hutchins is not always complimentary about men of learning. "I think it fair to say," he recently stated, "that only a small fraction of the professors in this country believe in education. Offer a scholar a post in politics or in business and see how quickly he will snap it up." Robert

Hutchins defended Sacco and Vanzetti and bargained with a CIO union. He has publicly insulted the wise jurists of the Liberty League. Even his New Haven *alma mater* has not escaped his open derision. Told that he was being considered for the presidency of Yale, he announced that he was perfectly satisfied where he was. "Compared with the University of Chicago," he said, "Yale is a boys' finishing school."

IV

Plainly this is not the recommended way of winning friends and influencing rich people. But as a college president, Robert Hutchins has the supreme redeeming quality. He can, and does, raise money. When he took over the administrative reins in 1929 Chicago's productive endowment was estimated at \$51,000,000. Today it is over \$73,000,000. Recently, when the university celebrated its fiftieth birthday, it announced gifts of more than \$9,000,000. Its most recent acquisition is the title and income from the Encyclopedia Britannica, a donation from Sears, Roebuck. A good part of this gold Hutchins has raised personally. His effective persuasion even extracted a gift of \$550,000 from his former foe, the redoubtable Charlie Walgreen.

Men of lesser talents than Robert Maynard Hutchins have used their college presidency as a ladder to political office. But up to a few years ago the Chicago president managed to

remain aloof. True, he was offered the state senatorship from Connecticut in 1926, but at that time he was too young to accept. Two years later, when he was again approached on the subject he intimated that he was too busy as Yale's Law Dean. When he came to Chicago he persisted in clinging to education and was quite reticent, when interviewed by reporters, about such questions as Wall Street, the League of Nations and Prohibition.

After a few years of hard depression, however, he threw off his scholar's cap and gown long enough to appear before the Young Democratic Clubs. Not only did he roast Hoover and the Republican Party, but he even offered a 500-word platform for the benefit of the Democratic Party. Interestingly enough, this contained a good many of the features which were to appear subsequently in the guise of the New Deal, such as tariff revision, unemployment insurance, elimination of the profit motive from banking, federal relief, and — no doubt to the horror of his trustees — increased income and inheritance taxes.

Hutchins' name has been mentioned perennially in connection with political appointments. But none of them ever materialized. In 1937, however, Hutchins was unanimously elected by the reformed and purified Stock Exchange to its Board of Governors, as one of the three Representatives of the Public Interest. But when the Board refused to follow his suggestion to "investigate the ethics of Whitney's

confidants in Wall Street," and proceeded instead to whitewash them, Hutchins openly gagged and resigned on the spot.

Though President Hutchins once threatened to vote for Norman Thomas, he has generally remained loyal to President Roosevelt. But with the outbreak of the European War he embarked on an open campaign against the administration's foreign policy. America, he felt, should concentrate on the Four Freedoms at home before attempting to bestow them on the whole world. On the lecture platform and in debates he insisted that the "American people are about to commit suicide by drifting into a war for which they are not morally or intellectually prepared. . . . There is no such inevitability about war as to prevent us from asking ourselves whether we shall serve suffering humanity better by going into the war or by staying out." This

sort of talk soon brought him into the pungent company of the isolationists with most of whom he had little in common, morally or intellectually. Hutchins' isolation is not that of Senator Wheeler or Father Coughlin. It springs from honest liberalism, like that of Oswald Garrison Villard.

Since Pearl Harbor Robert Hutchins has had little or nothing to say on the subject. His university, like the higher learning throughout the country, is cooperating with the government's college-war program. If he still has any political ambitions, for the moment Hutchins does not refer to them.

His latest book, in fact, deals with education. Here at least he is on familiar terrain, and though opposed by nearly all the leading masters of pedagogy in the Republic, what he says on the whole makes sound and solid sense in a field otherwise lush with absurdities.



*W*ITH effervescent opinions, as with the not yet forgotten champagnes, the quickest way to let them get flat is to let them get exposed to the air.

— JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE LONGO CASE: A POLITICAL FRAME-UP

BY FRANCIS GABRIEL

IF the Republican National Committee is looking for a dead cat to swing at the New Deal in this election year of 1944, it may find the defunct tabby of its heart's desire in the case of John Longo versus the Jersey City Democratic machine of Mayor Frank Hague.

This political scandal has already wafted its perfumes across the country and into the air-conditioned sancta of the White House itself. But probably because the persecution of Longo has been so brazen, cynical and relentless, his story has seemed incredible to many people who are unfamiliar with the Jersey brand of Hitlerism. At any rate, the affair has not yet achieved that status as a national *cause célèbre* which it so lavishly merits. A "Longo Defense Committee" is trying to remedy that situation right now, thus far with indifferent success.

John Longo, the son of Italian immigrant parents who operate a fruit store in Jersey City, became interested in politics eleven years ago while still in high school. He saw how the perennial Hague machine controlled elections, levied exorbitant taxes, stifled

freedom of speech and assembly and clamped down ruthlessly on any man or group that sought to interfere with its own perpetuation in power and its freedom to abuse that power. He was filled with distress by the sight, especially because the political corruption reflected on the faith of his fathers in this predominantly Catholic community. He was filled with a great anger that did not permit him to rest as complacently as the overwhelming majority of his neighbors.

For years young Longo labored obscurely in behalf of organizations opposing Hagueism, until in 1938 he abruptly gained prominence — to his bitter personal cost. At that time Frank Hague was seeking to thwart CIO efforts to unionize Jersey City workers. He assured his Catholic constituency that the main issue was communism *versus* Catholicism. Now Longo happened to be secretary of the Holy Name Society in his parish. Like many other Catholics in and out of Jersey he had always regarded Hague as a disgrace to the faith he so loudly professes. In a radio speech broadcast from New York City under CIO

FRANCIS GABRIEL is the pen-name of a New Jersey writer who has published articles under that name in *Commonweal* and other periodicals.

auspices Longo therefore denounced the Boss for trying to blind Catholics to the real issue — fascism *versus* democracy. The Hagueites had been quoting liberally from Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling's *The Red Network* to support their case. Longo produced a letter from the eminent Catholic sociologist, Msgr. John A. Ryan of Catholic University, who said that anyone relying on the Dilling book to prove anything "completely discredits his intelligence." That didn't make Hague look so good to Catholics in Jersey City.

Longo stumped for the Republican gubernatorial candidate against Hague's man, A. Harry Moore, in the 1937 campaign. After Moore had been returned the winner by 45,000 votes, Longo published a survey charging that at least 50,000 fraudulent votes had been delivered for Moore by the Hague machine. With that and the CIO affair, Longo abruptly found himself indicted on a charge that false names were contained in an election petition he had filed in August 1937, in a vain effort to place an anti-Hague group on the primary ballot. He was tried, convicted, defeated in his appeal and sentenced to nine months at hard labor in the penitentiary.

There Hague's Gestapo continued to betray its special animus towards Longo. He was lodged in the foulest cell available, denied newspapers, forbidden to communicate with anyone except his parents, and deprived of an orthopedic shoe which he wore on a crippled foot that had recently been operated on.

During his trial and prison sentence Longo's friends and sympathizers obtained considerable publicity about his case in the liberal and the left press, but not until he limped out of prison could he marshal any real show of strength against his persecutors. That came from the then Attorney General of the United States, Frank Murphy. After interviewing Longo, Murphy made a national broadcast on civil liberties, in which he declared that Longo had been "indicted on a false charge . . . tried and convicted by a jury consisting entirely of persons connected with the local political boss."

More than that: Murphy set the FBI on the Longo case, thus reaping for himself the deathless hatred of Hague and his mob. They called him "St. Francis" ever after. In October 1939, the New York *World Telegram* reported that the FBI had developed enough evidence for forty-five Federal indictments but that nearly all of the 130 witnesses were afraid to repeat their stories in open court. One Hague freeholder admitted that the two hundred veniremen from which the Longo trial jury had been drawn were hand-picked with blunt orders to convict Longo if selected for the jury. The Federal grand jury considering the emasculated FBI evidence was deadlocked. Murphy planned to present the evidence to another grand jury.

Then things happened, fast and thick — things of an unexpected nature. Hague declared for a third term for Franklin D. Roosevelt. Murphy

was appointed to the Supreme Court bench. The Longo probe died a sudden death. Why all these things occurred in such tidy conjunction is food for a long winter evening's meditation.

II

But Longo was free and to him that meant free to fight the old enemy. In 1940 he further embarrassed Hague by spirited protests at the annual municipal budget hearing and by accusations of "fraud and forgery" aimed at the Hague-sponsored petitions to get Jimmy Cromwell on the primary ballot as a candidate for the U. S. Senate. He led the fight against Hague for mayor in 1941 and then in 1942 prevailed upon Governor Charles Edison to oust Hague's county tax board and appoint a new one free of machine influence. The new board soon justified its existence by reducing the city's real estate assessments by \$100,000,000, or 25 per cent of the total.

The Boss was desperate, and desperately he struck back. First, Longo's local draft board notified him that his classification had been changed from 4F to 1A. Then Leo Rosenblum, president of this new tax board which threatened to take the boodle out of Jersey City politics, was indicted, charged with failing to report for physical examination in the draft; he was subjected to incredible defamation, including rumors that he had used drugs to obtain draft deferment, before the charges were completely

disproved. Longo himself was returned to a 4F classification the minute the Army doctors took one look at his crippled foot.

But the battle was on in earnest, and both sides girded for it. The foes of Hagueism determined on a bold move to split the machine and also to break the Hague stranglehold on the strategically important office of Hudson County clerk. After a conference between Governor Edison and Longo the Governor approached Bernard McFeely, the mayor of nearby Hoboken, with an offer to appoint a McFeely man to the clerkship providing Longo would be made deputy clerk. McFeely, hitherto a faithful Hague henchman, carried through on the doublecross of the Boss, but only until he came face to face with that enraged potentate. McFeely backed down, Longo was immediately fired from his job, and the county clerkship resumed its subservience to the machine.

Almost immediately another grand jury went to work on Longo and on April 20, 1943, he was indicted on a charge of alteration and forgery of his personal voting record in the 1941 primaries. The crime was said to have been committed in January, 1942, while Longo had been employed in the county's election supervising bureau. Indicted on the same charge was J. Owen Grundy, an old friend who had been fighting Hagueism with Longo for many years. Together they planned their defense with their counsel, Raymond Chasan, who called the

case against them “the most outrageous frame-up in the annals of Hudson County.”

A week later an amazing thing happened. Grundy went into court without his attorney and pleaded guilty. Then he vanished from the sight of men. The prosecutor, although he already had eleven murder cases on the docket, rushed Longo's case to trial, and announced that Grundy would be his star witness. Before this bewildering demonstration of Jersey justice rampant, Longo and Chasan agreed that a defense was useless. Nevertheless, the prosecution prolonged the farce with great gusto. Grundy “confessed” that at Longo's behest he had erased the abbreviation “Rep.” from Longo's record in the registration books and substituted “Dem.” The reason why Longo wanted this done, Grundy explained, was to remove any barrier to obtaining a political job from Democratic Governor Edison.

Two other bureau clerks followed Grundy to the stand. Despite the fact that the files held some 1300 other books, any one of which might have occupied their attention, they testified that they had seen the false “Dem.” in the original and duplicate registration books. Three other clerks gave evidence to the same effect. One of them swore that, in line with his duty, he had erased the forged “Dem.” in each of the books and replaced it with the correct “Rep.” Longo was convicted in forty minutes. Chasan and Longo had let this cavalcade run its course. Then they

discovered and produced a report by the New York handwriting expert, August Hartkorn, who had been hired originally by the prosecution, but never called as a witness. Why he had not been called was made crystal clear — Hartkorn's chemical tests and photographs proved that the “Dem.” had never existed on Longo's voting record.

But that mattered not an iota. The verdict against Longo still stood as “guilty” and sentence was imposed — eighteen months to three years imprisonment.

Judge Thomas H. Brown refused to grant Longo a writ necessary to permit his freedom on bail, pending appeal. The judge also refused to grant a new trial or issue bench warrants demanded by Chasan for arrest of the state's witnesses on charges of perjury. On the same day that the judge denied Longo bail, he accepted \$1,000 bail in the case of a man indicted for murder. Longo won temporary freedom only when Chief Justice Thomas H. Brogan of the New Jersey Supreme Court issued a certificate of doubt. Bail was set at \$5,000. His mother raised it by pledging her property.

Attorney Chasan in open court had demanded disciplinary action against the chief assistant prosecutor, William E. George, who personally handled the case, and against Prosecutor Daniel T. O'Regan. Chasan charged they had “suppressed the Hartkorn evidence and cajoled the witnesses into committing perjury.” Disbarment proceedings were immediately begun.

Against whom? If you ask that, you don't know your Jersey. Against Chasan, of course.

After the trial Governor Edison conducted private hearings on the Longo case. But Grundy did not appear to testify. Still unsentenced nine months after he had pleaded guilty, although state law requires sentence be passed on a convicted person within forty-five days, Grundy could not be found when the state police sought to serve him with a subpoena. He was then free in the custody of the prosecutor. Only Hague's men knew Grundy's hideout, and they weren't telling. His draft board reported it had no change of address for him. At 12:30 A.M., November 18, a half hour after Edison's term as Governor expired, Grundy reappeared in Jersey City. He is still not sentenced. Finally, on February 24, ten months after pleading guilty, Grundy was given a suspended sentence! Longo had predicted that this would be the price paid for the testimony.

III

The backfires of the Longo case have just begun to singe the Boss and the machine through which he dominates the Democratic party of New Jersey and holds the post of vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

The City Affairs Committee submitted evidence on the Longo case and others, including Rosenblum's, to Attorney General Francis Biddle in November. It demanded a Federal

investigation of "criminal conspiracy" to suppress civil rights in Hudson County and asked relentless prosecution of all guilty. The American Civil Liberties Union backed the demand. The state CIO council, various unions and other progressive forces rallied to Longo's support. More than 40,000 individual appeals, mostly from outside New Jersey, went to Biddle urging an investigation.

Attorney General Biddle's office on January 5 announced it would defer investigation, pending outcome of Longo's appeal before the State Supreme Court, because to do otherwise "might seem an unwarranted interference." A Biddle spokesman announced, however, on January 28 that the Department of Justice was starting to investigate violations of civil liberties and the Longo case. Though Longo is trusting to win his appeal in the courts, if he can raise the funds needed to go through with it, there is no overconfidence regarding the Federal investigation. The Hague forces were the first in the nation to come out publicly for a fourth term for FDR.

The Communist Party has for the past year been reverently salaaming before the once hated "fascist Hague." Now it sees him only as a power to help put New Jersey into the New Deal column for 1944 and a possible fourth term. The communists shouted loudest during the first Longo trial in 1938. Now the comrades have lost voice. In December, the Browder brood in Jersey made a droll attempt to save face. The state party devised

an amazing statement. It supported Hague and Longo at the same time. Describing Hagueism as "a myth," the commies declared Longo to be simply "the victim of a political feud" between Edison and Hague and, politely, *asked* the Boss to let Longo off "for the cause of national unity."

What Roosevelt and Biddle do about Hague and one of the most deeply entrenched dictatorial set-ups in American politics may well decide where New Jersey's electoral vote will go next November. Last November the state went Republican and elected former Ambassador Walter E. Edge Governor rather than a New Deal labor candidate endorsed by nearly every union in New Jersey, but unfortunately for his success, also endorsed by the Mayor of Jersey City and vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

Ex-Governor Edison, who was a close friend of Roosevelt, sharply rebuked the New Deal in December because it "still stands for Hague appointments, and he is still getting plenty of Federal patronage." Edison said he didn't believe there could ever be another Democratic-controlled state legislature so long as Hague was the party's top power in New Jersey. "So long as the citizens of Democratic faith are saddled with this Frankenstein," declared Edison, "they will continue to lose and lose elections." Roosevelt followers all over the country are showing disgust for the Hague disgrace. The New Deal

supporter, Monsignor John A. Ryan, wrote to Longo January 15:

The treatment you have received from some of the public officials in New Jersey is one of the most astounding things that has come to my knowledge in a long time. It is an almost incredible record of injustice to you. That this injustice committed by public officials can attain its object of sending you to jail is, I believe, practically impossible. Yours is a difficult but altogether worthy fight against shameless injustice. I am confident that the fight will be successful.

New Dealers in Jersey fear that if Roosevelt doesn't destroy the Hague machine, the new Republican Governor will — and reap a 1944 vote harvest in reward. Edge has already ordered voting machines into Hudson County. Destruction of Hague would be a valuable feather in the GOP national cap.

So there is the Longo case, in this, the 153rd year of the Bill of Rights, the twenty-seventh year of Frank Hague's accession to sovereignty in Jersey City, and the twelfth year of the Roosevelt administration. The questions it raises are manifold and succulent, over and above the matter of John Longo's personal fate. Has Hague at last come the crucial cropper? Must the New Deal for its own survival jettison its Jersey incubus? Can the Republicans develop the Longo affair into a quasi-Dreyfus case with all that the word "Dreyfus" implies in terms of great reputations blasted and mighty political machines demolished?

It could happen here.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Sex Behind the Footlights

IN the sense that moralists use the word, there never has been a more completely immoral play on the American stage than John Van Druten's current, popular *The Voice of the Turtle*. It isn't so much that it deals from beginning to end with illicit sex; many plays have done that. It is rather that from beginning to end it makes the miscellaneous relations of men and women charming, highly desirable, and something happily and satisfactorily to be indulged in by all and sundry. If there has been any other play that so consistently has operated to the same end I have certainly neither seen it nor heard of it.

Its three immediate characters are (1) a young girl who has had two easy affairs before the play begins, who has another during its course, and who is presented and accepted as a delightful heroine by virtue of them; (2) a slightly older woman who has had so many she can't count them and whom the audience is made to embrace as a thoroughly companionable creature; and (3) a young hero who has also taken things where he has found them and who persuades the audience that he is an enviable romantic fellow.

The affair between this hero and this heroine is strictly casual; it is unadorned carnality; the girl forbids the young man to regard it as anything emotionally deeper with the demand that he not get in the least serious about it and that he "keep it gay"; the scene is her bedroom; and the audience is made to admire it and love it. And the young man has already had relations with the older girl, who tries to resume them in the lightest possible manner. So much for the principal characters.

The characters who have figured or who figure in the lives of these three are not seen on the stage but become alive to the audience nonetheless. They include a theatrical producer with a wife and two children who has been the pleasant lover of the heroine; a gallant in the form of a popular star actor who tries to seduce her as he has dozens of other young women; the man who has long been the lover of the older girl; a boy who has been the first sex experience in the heroine's career; a girl in Paris with whom the hero has had an impressive go; and a comprehensive assortment of other such glandular instruments. All, save possibly alone the actor Lothario, are projected as

very charming people and beyond moral criticism.

The play, in short, is an apotheosis of the sex life and irresistible in its implications. It exercises triple the persuasion in its particular field that any dozen *The Sign of the Crosses* and *The Stranger in the Houses* exercise in theirs. It is convincing, infinitely appealing, and beautifully indifferent to the morality held sacred by the blue-noses. Yet the latter seem to have not the slightest suspicion of the fact and not a voice has been lifted against it. That is Van Druten's triumph. For he has written it so very skilfully; he has, without the least chicanery or subterfuge, gone about his business with such deceptive immaculateness and simplicity; and he has so astutely avoided any slightest sense of smirk or vulgarity that he has managed to make the moralists themselves not only eat his play but digest it and like it. I know of no other play even remotely approaching the essence of this one that has succeeded to that extent.

II

In the history of the local sex drama, professional morality seems most often paradoxically to have been offended into action by plays that, far from defending their so-called immorality, have either debated it or condemned it. The only exception I can think of is Schnitzler's celebrated *Reigen*, a merry-go-round of sexual intercourse that in its circular movement brings

its protagonist back to his anatomical starting point. Yet even *Reigen* is hardly an exception, since there is the implication of moral retribution in terms of physical disability inherent in it. Furthermore, *Reigen* has been shown in the theatre of our time in its unexpurgated form for only a single, subscribed performance, and that one was interrupted by the police.

What of the others? *The Captive*, which treated of Lesbianism but which indicated its tragic consequences, was pounced upon by the outraged authorities. *The God of Vengeance*, one of the most moral tragedies ever displayed on the American stage, suffered a like fate simply because a house of ill-fame figured in it. Two trashy plays by the ineffable Mae West drew the prurientsia down upon them although one of them, *Sex*, wound up in a relatively ecclesiastical manner, and although the second, *Pleasure Man* (originally called *The Drag*), which dealt with homosexuality, threw Sunday school confetti at its theme before the last curtain. *The Girl With the Whooping Cough*, an adaptation from the French, got under the skins of the official muckmoochers for no other reason than that it had been whispered about that the whooping cough of the title was originally a sly synonym for a social disease, although you couldn't tell it from anything spoken on the local stage. And *The Rubicon*, a light French comedy beside which the sex of *The Voice of the*

Turtle is stuff for Cinderella audiences, was at one time also frowned upon because it contained a scene in which a man has designs upon a fair lady and notwithstanding the fact that, though he accomplishes his purpose, matrimony is hanging around the corner waiting to rear its head.

Dismissing the police wrath over any such innocent and profoundly moral play as Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, recollection of which today doubtless makes even the bluest nose blanch with amused shame, we conjure up the picture of moral indignation over such a farce-comedy of years ago as *Naughty Anthony*, which had the snoopers by the ears because, while the rest of the play had nothing in it to bring blushes to the cheeks of even a Postmaster General, one scene showed the heroine taking off her stockings in preparation for the night's slumber. *Sapho*, a vehicle concocted for Olga Nethersole, further and actually had the moralists of the period screaming because it contained a kiss that lasted for a full forty-five seconds and because one scene showed the hero gathering the heroine into his arms and grunting his slow way up a winding staircase with his load. And a play called *The Turtle* in the years before and with Sadie Martinot in the leading rôle caused the professional pure-boys to gasp because, while the rest of it didn't materially offend them, it contained an episode in which the heroine undressed behind a tall, broad and fully concealing screen.

There have more recently been similar examples of moral idiosyncrasy. Robert Sherwood's *Idiot's Delight*, whose theme is a denunciation of the imbecility of war, was suppressed in one American city because it offered a scene in which a man humorously allowed he had once spent the night in a hotel with the heroine. This, it was alleged, made the whole play immoral. And *Tobacco Road* was outlawed in a half dozen communities on the ground of an episode showing a Georgia cracker girl attempting to arouse the libido of a male cracker, although the play as a whole is a serious sociological study and tragic in its final impression.

III

Meanwhile, in whatever period of the theatre, the moralists have missed the train in their mad running after a stray little weed along the tracks. While they have been indignantly howling against plays that for the greater part have been basically clean and often even morally elevating, they have been inveigled into passing up plays that, were they shrewd critics of immorality, or what they are pleased to regard as immorality, have been considerably more censorable (according to their peculiar lights) than those against which they have pitched themselves. *The Voice of the Turtle* is only one such, and a super-dandy. Another beaut was *Women Go On Forever*, which had to do with the contentful rewards of

female promiscuity, and still another, untouched by the indignation of so much as a single bluebeak, was Ludwig Thoma's famous *Moral*, along with such of its derivatives as Lynn Starling's *Weak Sisters*, all proving convincingly that the occupants of fancy houses are a far more decent lot than the moralists themselves.

Sacha Guitry's *Let's Dream*, done locally as *Sleeping Partners*, didn't get a peep out of the lewdheads, yet it was sexually magnetic with a vengeance. Giraudoux's *Amphitryon* 38, which was as naughty as they come, missed the attention of the professional dirty boys entirely, probably because its leading rôles were occupied by the duly married and eminently respectable Lunts. *The Great Magoo*, a really dirty play by the Messrs. Fowler and Hecht, didn't attract the notice of even the corner cop and was allowed peacefully to pursue its course until it expired from a natural death. The same with the Langners' *Susanna and the Elders*, which was constituted of smut from start to finish. The same with such earlier dirtbags as the Hatton's *Love, Honor and Betray* and *The Squab Farm*. And exactly the same with such smut as Kirkland's *Tell Me*, *Pretty Maiden*, Wilson Collison's *C. . .* on, Paul Hervey Fox's *Foreign Affairs*, William Grew's *The Mating Season* (although his *My Girl Friday*, which was not any worse, drew the moralists' notice), Ernest Pascal's *The Marriage Bed*, Elmer Harris' *A Modern Virgin*, and Henry Rosendahl's *Strip Girl*.

The circumstance that the great

majority of these plays were trash brings up a confounding point. It is frequently argued — in point of fact, I myself have so argued in connection with *The Voice of the Turtle* — that skilful writing can often get away with murder and that it is cheap writing that gets itself into trouble with the moralists. But in many cases, as the above catalogue in sufficient part proves, it doesn't seem to be always true. *The Captive* was not only skilfully but beautifully written, yet the puritanos descended upon it. What holds out of the theatre seemingly also at times holds in it. A *Jurgen* is suppressed and a *The Common Law* not; in the theatre a decent dramatization of Tolstoi's *Resurrection* gets into trouble and an indecent one of Steinbeck's *Tortilla Flat* goes scot free.

It thus in general becomes impossible to guess how the winds of official morality will blow. The idea that times and morals change and that the standards of the moralists change with them does not always hold water. If the moralists a full three decades ago frowned on the scene in Wilde's *Salomé* wherein Salomé indulges in an anatomical cajolery of the prophet, they frown today upon the not essentially dissimilar so-called horsing scene in *Tobacco Road*. If, contrariwise, they shut their eyes for the antecedent half century at the spectacle of homosexuals in the burlesque shows, they opened them wide and furiously when *Pleasure Man* eventually came along, albeit it handled the creatures equally in terms of comedy. If in the

past they saw nothing objectionable in the strip-tease — it flourished for years with no interference — they see something objectionable in it in this later and supposedly much more sophisticated day. And if nowadays they become white in the face over the double entendre of a song called *My Bunny* in a *Star and Garter* and force its elimination, they failed to think one way or another about one equally fertile in innuendo called *I'm a Cooler For the Warmest Coon In Town* sung for years on end by the esteemed Messrs. Williams and Walker.

The whole business becomes confusion twice confused. From a strictly moral viewpoint, Lonsdale's recent *Another Love Story* was many times more immoral in both line and act than the musical show *Wine, Women*

and *Song*, yet the moralists let it alone and raided the latter. There never has been a more forthright, dirty seduction scene on the American stage than that in *Brother Cain*, produced a few seasons back, yet the blueboys did nothing about it. Instead, they waited for a harmless forty-year-old burlesque skit in *Star and Garter* and demanded that it be bowdlerized. This season in *Try and Get It* we engaged a rubbishy farce that was of cheap smut all compact. It didn't get so much as a nervous twitch from the moralists. But let someone add tunes and a line of chorus girls to it and I'll lay odds of five to one that License Commissioner Moss will, in Wilson Mizner's old phrase, begin foaming at the mouth like a cream-puff.

OPIATE FOR A SOLDIER FROM THE FRONT

BY ELMA DEAN

Go from the voices. Keep the hand from turning
the small back dial. Walk the leafy path
under the quiet trees. Let go the wrath
you held close yesterday — the inner burning
for vengeance on a race — the weight of sorrow
for thin unsmiling children done with crying.
Even pretend a while no man is dying —
none sprawled in death — no death again tomorrow.
If you are able, rest in this safe place
where friendly planes circle the friendly skies.
Let memory be distant as a star . . .
and gun hands learn the lines of a loved face.
Fondle a little now these pleasant lies
(as if you could!) and then return to war.

► *A collection of fancy
celluloid passes —*

AND NOW WASHINGTON IS SAFE!

BY GEORGE DIXON

LIKE many other Washington reporters we carry a very impressive-looking pass which gets us in to see President Roosevelt. This is, of course, a great privilege because lots of people, even Democrats, fail to win a similar indulgence. You can't just go up and ask for one of these cards, saying, "I want to put Roosevelt straight on a couple of matters." Or rather, you can — but if it gets you anywhere we wish you would call us up because it would make a nice item for the papers. The job of obtaining a White House pass represents quite an ordeal — to your friends as well as yourself. You have to be quizzed and fingerprinted by the Secret Service, photographed by the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, and investigated from infancy by the FBI.

We will admit a measure of concern at learning that the G-men intended to delve into our childhood because our early life was far from blameless. In those days we had no Henry Wallace to lead us in the paths of righteousness. In fact we had quite a police

record. We were lugged into Juvenile Court at least twice — once for failing to get out of an apple tree in time; and again because of an undoubtedly criminal obsession for toppling certain small, utilitarian structures — with or without people in them, although the former was considered the more enterprising.

Apparently the FBI failed to contact the right parties, or else they refused to squeal, although more than one friend called up and wanted to know why the FBI suspected us of smuggling opium. Anyway, the pass was granted in due course. It is good for admission to the most jealously-guarded presence in the land. In fact, the holder could get so close he could sit on the President's desk — if those toy elephants and gadgets didn't take up all the space.

Nevertheless, this same card won't get you into any of the Army or Navy buildings. You must have an Army pass for the Army and a Navy pass for the Navy — and they're not interchangeable. They are celluloid things

GEORGE DIXON was born in Toronto at the turn of the century, and has been a newspaper man for twenty-seven years. He now conducts a column, "Washington Scene," for the *New York Daily News*.

and must be clipped to the coat or hung around the neck. Furthermore, they are the devil to carry when not in use and make a hell of a nasty crackling sound in the pocket. In other words, the pass that gets you to the President won't get you to a corporal or bos'n's mate.

But that ain't the worst. There is one building where nearly every business visitor to Washington has to go some time or other and that is the Social Security Building. And damned if you don't have to have still another pass for it; also one of those celluloid things! Every pass must carry your picture — all taken by different photographers. After looking at an array of these photos of himself, the average fellow feels like dousing his kisser with vitriol, figuring it will improve his appearance.

Now we come to the real inconsistency. The Social Security Building houses the Office of Price Administration, the War Production Board, the War Manpower Commission and other agencies whose business, theoretically, is open at all times for public inspection. However, a pass that's good for the President won't get you in there. But the Department of Justice Building, which houses the FBI, and is popularly supposed to be bursting with secrets, requires no pass at all! Any one can walk into the Justice Building and stroll all over the joint — although, personally all we ever saw there to intrigue us was a mural depicting a poor farmer and his family in which the face of the poor farmer

bears a startling resemblance to Attorney General Francis Biddle.

The State Department and the Treasury honor the White House cards, but they will also accept almost anything else in the way of identification. The Post Office, Agriculture, Labor, Commerce, and Interior are free and open at all times, although it is considered only good form to be carrying a halibut when you go to interview Secretary Ickes in his capacity as Coordinator of Fishing.

The whole idea of this thing had been batting around in our head for months as a possible topic for a sermon. But it was crystallized the other day by a confidential communication from a pretty high official of the Navy. He wrote:

"One of the greatest defensive victories since war came to Washington has been achieved by the Security Officer of the Navy whose duty it is to see that nobody gets a bomb or Willkie button into any of the Navy buildings and that nobody gets the plans of the new rocket planes before *Life* can publish them exclusively.

"In the main Navy building you must show your pass every time you walk twenty paces and must show it again every time you go up and down stairs and on entering or exiting.

"That's the front of the building. Somebody has forgotten to tell the Security Officer there is a back to the building, so that anybody who wants to sneak a bomb — or a dame — up the back stairs is liable to be so lonesome he'll discard the idea.

"But what I wanted to tell you about was a contest that started over here. The idea was that everybody would put in a quarter and then take turns at the gag.

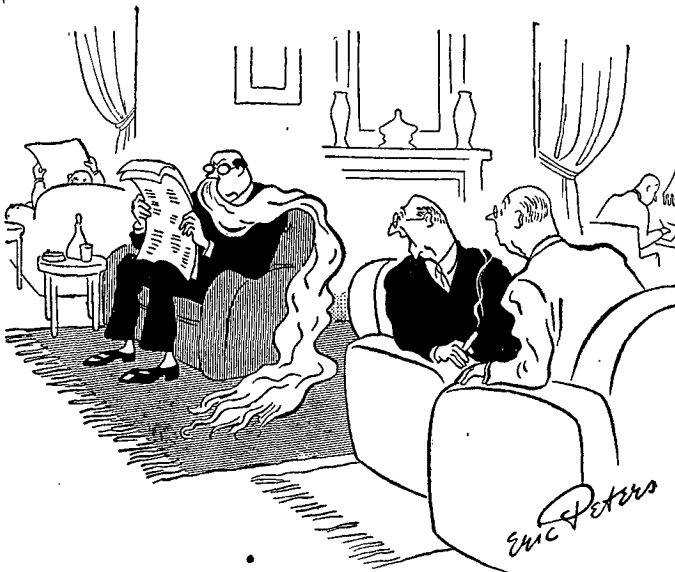
"The fellow who was 'It' would clip a picture of Hitler from a newspaper and paste it over his identification card. Every day that he got by the guards would cost everybody another quarter.

"Well, they never got beyond the first contestant because nobody challenged him and he was waxing rich.

The bum got only one scare. A cop stopped him in the lobby one day. Timidly he held up the picture in his hand.

"Snarled the cop: 'You know you gotta wear that thing around your neck. Stop carrying it in your hand!'

"P. S. Don't hesitate to show this letter to anybody you want to — but if you do I trust you'll be prepared to spend every Tuesday and Thursday for the next twenty years bringing me cigarets and candy at the Military Prison, Portsmouth, N. H."



*"Fleetwood refuses to cut it off
until Roosevelt is defeated. . . ."*

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A CONVICT

ANONYMOUS

This remarkable document, addressed by a prisoner to a prison doctor, was written by a man of exceptional intelligence and culture, as is evident in the text. He had run afoul of the Federal laws in a business transaction and found himself — a most untypical inmate — inside a Federal penitentiary. — THE EDITORS.

DEAR DOC:
D You have asked me to do an impossible job. If the prisoner's look at prison life is to be valid for others as well as himself, I am probably the last man who could give you the right answers. By the grace of Providence I am, for better or for worse, far different from the general run of convicts. So, if what I say here seems to you neither objective nor even fair, you have brought it on yourself.

It is not true that "stone walls do not a prison make." It is precisely they which do make a prison. I, at least, remember the cold apprehension with which I looked at the gray walls surrounding the penitentiary when I first arrived here in the company of a slightly drunk and hence highly sympathetic marshal. If prison authorities had any creative imagination, they might think of hiring someone like Diego Rivera or even John Steuart Curry to cover the frosty, unpleasant, no-color surface of these walls with fresco paintings. Dante and

I could give them some excellent suggestions on composition.

And that isn't just a first impression. All through your life here the consciousness of the wall runs through the stolid symphony of your days and nights like an ever-present discord. In summer, when some parts of it are covered with creeper, you can fool yourself for a brief while. From the main corridor, the large windows on the south side give on fair-sized plots of meticulously groomed lawn, framed on both sides by the dull red brick of the buildings and by vividly colored flower beds. What you look at might well be an English garden. But if, like John Donne, you see "the bone beneath the skin," the illusion doesn't last long.

The admission formalities are simple and thorough enough. You are examined physically as completely as you have ever been in your life. They look under the bridgework in your mouth and even through your hair to see if you have any "dope" on you. Then, after a shower, you are clad in

the dun uniform of quarantine and relegated to a whitewashed cell containing a cot, a chair, a locker, toilet facilities and a washstand. All your belongings — I mean quite literally all — are taken from you and sent to your people, and a provident Government furnishes you with a comb, tooth brush and powder, a safety razor and blades and a shaving brush. (Shaving twice a week at least is obligatory.) During all that time, you are conscious only of a dull and hopeless indifference.

And then, curiously, comes relief. You are alone, undisturbed, in your cell. It is clean, aseptically, painfully clean, and unmarked like a room in a hospital, an army barracks or a monastery. They show you how to make your bed in accordance with regulations; it becomes a deft automatic chore in the weeks that follow. You lie down on it, and for the first time in months you feel something like peace stealing over you. The confused solemnity of the courtroom, the hot humiliation of the fingerprinting and “mugging,” the clanking of your handcuffs, the unspeakable filth and misery of the county jail, the noisy rush of your railroad trip — all these are far behind you, and you know that you have entered upon a new phase of your life.

The first week in quarantine is not hard to bear. Every day you are called for some investigation or examination. They take your blood pressure, your pulse beat, your IQ, your parole application; they pump blood out of

you and typhoid bacilli into you. In the intervals, the prison library sends you some books — a curious enough selection of blood-and-thunder Westerns, sober classics and lurid detective stories. And you read them all; it is the only escape left open to you. You read again with the insatiable curiosity of your youth, and you never seem to get enough.

There are no newspapers or periodicals in quarantine — not because they are forbidden, but because it takes a month to make your subscription effective. The result is that you live as on an island, completely divorced from all that goes on in the world, thrown upon your own intellectual and emotional resources, much as a monk or a lay brother might be in some ecclesiastic retreat of medieval times, and the illusion is heightened by the austere simplicity of your cell and your clothing.

Sometime, during your first day, the quarantine officer's shrill whistle reminds you of eating, and you line up with your fellows to march, in a silent shuffling procession of twos, to the dining room. Through interminable, tortuously winding corridors, down an incline, up some steps, you march into an immense vault of a hall, large enough to seat and feed fifteen hundred men at one time, constructed in severe prison Gothic — probably the most loathsome and depressing architectural style in all history.

Of course, it is meticulously clean, as all things are clean in this place, but not with the fresh and wind-swept

cleanliness of a house inhabited by self-respecting people. There is about it the self-conscious sterility of an operating room. The fragrance of cabbage and hot grease is fighting a brave but losing battle with the acrid smell of strong laundry soap, which reigns uncontested everywhere.

The food is served, cafeteria-style, on flat, chromium-plated trays. It is surprisingly good and there is plenty of it, but it is, as the Spanish say, somewhat *desabrido* — flat in taste, without pleasant surprises, and of a deadening monotony. If you don't want to consult a calendar, you can always tell by the food at dinner just what day of the week it is.

At meals, and during the brief rest periods after meals, you first learn to know your fellow inmates. You can spot the first offenders among them right off; the stigma of their sudden and drastic removal from decent society is plainly on them. There are doctors among them, and ministers, lawyers, bankers, a university teacher or two.

In quarantine they keep to themselves and form little cliques, to which a young psychopath occasionally attaches himself, thinking he can learn something from them, or he can get a job through them. Later on, when they have passed through the purgatory of quarantine, the differences in manner, in speech and in apartness tend to disappear. Prison is a very democratizing institution: soon the psychopaths talk like the lawyers, and the lawyers like the psychopaths.

II

This place, I believe, was originally intended to accommodate chiefly first offenders. But all of the laws of your New Deal notwithstanding, there just aren't enough of them so there has been and continues to be a steady infiltration of habituals until by now they form a large majority. They are the ones who give the prison its tone and its color. Even in quarantine, they know their way around. They get messages through to old "rap partners" or friends who are in blue, and the friends respond by sending them cigarettes or candy.

You can buy these at the commissary, but the first week or so in quarantine you have no commissary book, and so you are denied the wonted comfort of smoking. Somewhat gingerly, you begin rolling your own with the issue tobacco of which the Government supplies you (one small sack a week, known in prison parlance as "rip"), and you find you like its rank and biting taste better than you thought you would.

If you have the misfortune of being able to listen to the troubles of mankind in four languages, as I can, you are soon sought after. You observe the quarantine officer trying to explain some of the intricacies of daily routine to a Brazilian seaman, who doesn't yet know why these crazy Yanquis put him into a lovely place like this, where you get three enormous meals daily and don't have to either pay or really work for them. He looks at the office

uncomprehendingly out of ox-like round eyes. The officer gets desperate; he raises his voice and gesticulates wildly, until finally you can't resist stepping in and helping out a little. His gratitude is out of proportion, and highly articulate. He begins sending you customers, and presently you find yourself translating and writing letters for Italians, French-Canadians, Puerto Ricans to waiting Micaelas, Helenes and Mercedeses.

One Italian, in particular, is extraordinarily persistent; he harbors the most passionate and uninhibited feelings for his soul-mate and insists on having you put them on paper in plain English. You explain to him with some difficulty that the Americani are quite priggish people, and that you cannot get a letter past the censor if it refers with approval to certain qualities in a woman, which, though highly appreciated are not much talked of in Anglo-Saxon countries. Fortunately, the total number of letters a man may write is two a week (though he may receive seven), or you would have to neglect your own correspondence. At first, your own letters are restrained, brief, somewhat embarrassed; it takes time for you to lose the self-consciousness which comes from knowing that it will be read first by a censor.

Finally, all too slowly, dawns the day when you are released into the "population." You turn in your khaki and receive a set of "blues" — a blue shirt and trousers of a lighter blue — the uniform and comfortable garb of all inmates save those working in the

hospital, who dress in pristine whites. For thirty days or so, you haven't been able to go to church, to see a movie, or to do any regular work; all of these are privileges reserved for the "blues." Now your life in prison begins in earnest.

At first everything is a little confused. You pack all your belongings into one of your gray bed blankets and lug them over into a dormitory — a large, oblong, crowded room, bed on bed in military precision, filled with smoke and men's talk and laughter. While you are arranging your things in the locker assigned to you, and making up your bed, you begin to get acquainted. One or two of your immediate neighbors (you don't know them in the least, but they are as friendly as puppy dogs) offer to help you. Afterwards they show you around and volunteer some sage counsel as to your future conduct in the institution.

From the officer in charge you learn with dismay that your background, talents and education have obtained employment for you in the kitchen. The next morning at five, someone rudely pulls your foot, and while the rest of the dormitory keeps on sleeping until the whistle, you slip into your clothes, get over to the kitchen and, after a hasty breakfast, start the day's work by getting the dining room ready for the first meal of the day.

And pretty soon the bugle sounds the call to mess. From cell blocks and dormitories, from honor rooms, from everywhere, through the wide open

doors of the dining hall a stream of blue-clad humanity pours itself. They advance with measured steps; there is nothing precipitate about it; they simply come to be fed another meal. But they march in the indescribably sad rhythm of the jailhouse. Day after day, three times a day, they make this trip: advance to the steam tables, get their victuals, walk back to their tables, sit down and begin to eat. Ordinarily, prisoners have faces, even as you and I have faces — they look vivacious, melancholy, intelligent, stupid, lively or slow-witted. But when they march in this aggregation, they are reminiscent of nothing so much as the characters in O'Neill's *Great God Brown*; they wear the vacuous and sullen masks of prison, and they all look alike. It is a depressing spectacle to which only a William Blake could do full justice. You shudder when you think of the sum of human misery — the thousands of years of wasted living; the urgent and repressed desires for freedom, for light, for air, for love; the amount of human energy laid barren, represented by this mass of men, shuffling in dispirited regimentation to get their sustenance. Your own troubles seem insignificant enough by comparison.

Otherwise, the kitchen is not too bad. True, the working hours are badly arranged, but the work is spaced and there are long intervals when you have nothing to do. That isn't any longer the liability it used to be in quarantine, for now you can go out on stockade for two hours at a

time; and you can also go to the library at stated periods and select your own books.

In your new job you have to know how to get along with people. Most of your fellow-workers are confirmed psychopathic cases, since transfer to the kitchen is supposed to be a form of punishment for men who don't do well in other jobs. Often enough the atmosphere is tense with resentment likely to flare up into a fight; sometimes with fists, rarely with a knife, which in the kitchen is more easily available than elsewhere. But if you mind your own business and display a reasonable amount of unruffled courtesy to everyone you won't run into any trouble.

Soon you are moved again; this time to one of the kitchen dormitories. Here your neighbors are more lively. Many of them are Southern boys, and in the evenings the twanging of their guitars, mandolins and jews'-harps is counterpointed by the soft drawl of their hushed singing voices. I like them when they sing the songs, at once ribald and melancholy; of prison. But when they whine about their lost loves, in one of Mr. Berlin's or Mr. Kern's potboilers, they are pretty awful. In a dormitory you may play checkers, occasionally a good game of chess, and you can almost always get into a surprisingly competent bridge game.

After you have worked in the kitchen for about a week, one day early in the morning your officer (in prison speech always referred to as

“the hack”) hands you matter-of-factly a pass: at eleven you are to appear before the Classification Committee which will assign you to a permanent job. This is a matter of great moment. For days it has been the subject of concerned and tortuous discussions among the newly arrived. “Where are them guys goin’ to put me? I can’t make my time in some screwy place like the laundry issue. I’m liable to blow my top!”

As for yourself, you keep hoping. You want to get into the hospital, and through the grapevine you have learned that you stand a good chance. The hospital is going to lose a man and they have to break in a successor. Since psychology has been the hobbyhorse you have been riding (with more enthusiasm than skill) since your college days, you feel qualified enough. Besides, there are the forgotten achievements of your youth: shorthand and typing. So you join the long line of your melancholy fellows on a long bench in the center hall of the main corridor, which is known as the Captain’s Court, waiting with that dull patience which is the first prison virtue.

Finally your call comes, and, with some trepidation, you step into a large room completely filled with brass-hats. They all stare at you. For a moment you feel as if you were a mannequin in Macy’s window. Without much ado, someone tells you presently that you have been assigned to the one job you coveted, and that you are to begin working as soon as it is practicable to

transfer you. You can hardly believe your good luck, you’ve heard so much about the stupidity with which other assignments have been made. Before they have a chance to change their minds, you slip out in a state of high enthusiasm.

The first chill on your delight materializes right away. It appears that the kitchen is too short-handed to spare you. The ensuing two weeks are the hardest in your whole prison career. Every day, every hour, you hope your transfer will come through; every day you are disappointed. Finally, with the help of a loudly protesting medical department, you make it. You get yourself a set of white clothes and present yourself to your doctor.

III

Your work begins to absorb your interest. Every week, the newly arrived men come up from quarantine for intelligence tests and behavior analysis. It will be your job to give the former, and fill in on the latter. It seems ludicrously easy, but you soon discover that it isn’t; there is a knack to it you have to learn. Aside from the technical angle, your temper has to be equable and unruffled; and you have to have a reasonable amount of human sympathy and understanding. The miseries of a thousand people unfold before you, as you interview these men, week after week. You must know how to keep discipline in a room full of mischievous boys, to whom the

group IQ test seems like a lot of esoteric nonsense (they have a much stronger, monosyllabic word for it), and how to give a consoling word to the troubled in heart, who come in pride, and leave in tears.

While you are in the hospital, you are thrown into contact with the rest of the staff. Most of them are very decent people, particularly the doctors, who are uniformly softies (all doctors are) and who hide the tenderness of their hearts beneath weary profanity. If you are even reasonably competent, you soon assume the dignity of a fellow-worker; and the feeling of social degradation, with which you were infected when you first came here, disappears almost completely.

Even the officers assigned to maintain order and discipline in the hospital wing have a tendency to relax somewhat in its mellow atmosphere. As a matter of fact, most of the "hacks" are not at all what your imagination has pictured them to be. The large majority of them strike you as rather good-natured, slightly bewildered men, somewhat underprivileged as to intelligence, who are trying hard to do their best. When they first get into their uniforms, they are as scared as the men in quarantine; after a while some of them develop the arrogance typical of the military mind and begin to order you around. These are the ones who love beyond all other things to blow their whistles, the sole outward token of their authority. But most of them learn, sooner or later, by

practical experience, that an overbearing attitude does not get them anywhere in particular.

Soon you are established in your routine, and the even tenor of your days goes on and on. You have weeks when the work is all-absorbingly interesting — as when you get some special cases (the psychiatrist ghoulishly speaks of a "beautiful" paranoia). There are other times, when your days and nights drip, as water drips from a leaky faucet, into the vast sink of time, and when you have to muster all the resources of your brain and spirit just to keep on living.

Not that there aren't any diversions. In the evening, you have your bridge game. Once a week, on Saturday or Sunday, you go to see a movie. Most importantly, there are constant excuses for laying off work, if it isn't too important, because one or another prisoner furtively comes into the office to ask you to write a letter, advise him on some problem, or intercede for him in one or the other direction. For by now you are known as a "right guy," and a valuable "connection." There is hardly a word in the language which is more extensively used than that word "connection."

The truth is that the institution is run by the inmates — the civilians and officers only give the orders. From the Warden's office on down, the whole penitentiary would be a shambles of confusion if for some reason or other the inmate clerks or attendants would not or could not function. Many of these men are outstandingly

competent and capable, used to serious responsibilities in the outside world; not a few of them have commanded and will again command salaries of substantial size. No intelligent civilian or department head would refuse his key man a small favor. And there are so many stupid, pettifogging, illogical and meaningless little rules and regulations, that it would be utterly impossible to live in the place unless you could occasionally soften their impact. Sometimes these connections are on a very simple mercenary basis: a "pack" (that is, a pack of cigarettes) will fix you up. More often it is not a question of paying off: favor for favor.

Against the high IQ men, the first offenders, the men who have occupied a somewhat superior position in their outside life, there reigns a scarcely disguised dislike and distrust on the part of many of the civilian and custodial employés. It is, of course, merely the result of a persistent inferiority complex. Some of them will treat the most unruly, undisciplined and incorrigible pimp with more courtesy, decency and consideration than some of the men whose shoes they are not fit to shine, and whose intelligence, honesty and earning power they could not begin to match.

Even the Parole Board seems to hold that general attitude. Their coming (four times a year) is an occasion similar to that first Classification Board meeting. The hopes and fears of the men who go up to be examined with you are so intense that they are almost like a tangible pall that hangs over their

heads. The great day dawns. You get your pass. Once again you interminably wait your turn. This time it isn't so hard. By now you are used to waiting.

When you go in, you cannot possibly judge your examiner's reaction; he doesn't give you enough time. To be fair to him, he hasn't enough time to give you. In the limited period at his disposal he must see fifty or more men a day. Each of these people represents a special and individual problem; it would take the memory of a Caesar, the mind of a Socrates and the judicial qualifications of a Solomon to do them justice. After a few minutes, you are curtly dismissed. Then you wait for the final decision.

Some make it, some don't; why and wherefore, no one appears ever to have discovered. You see men with three previous convictions go out on parole; you see others with a life-long record of decent living, recommended by the prosecuting attorney and the sentencing judge, refused without reasons being given. Being a pessimist, you don't really expect to make it. So, when the verdict comes down: Denied! — you only feel a momentary pang of hot bitterness. Then you settle down to pull your time.

By now you are an old-timer. When you first came in your principal emotion was a bitter resentment against your fate. But now your attitude has changed into a sort of resolute melancholy. You have done a year, so another seven months will not be too hard to do.

PHILOSOPHY

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

I OFTEN think a little child
Asking short, clear, unanswerable questions
Is nearer God's mysteries
Than the long, circular conclusions
Of all the divines, both sacred and merely respected:
Why is the sky? Where does it go to? . . .
Who sent me here? . . .
Are tall people always older? . . .
Why don't trees talk? . . .
How can I tell if a star is happy? . . .

I often think a man
Speaking candidly on a snowy Sunday afternoon
Is closer to heavenly morals
Than Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza
And St. Thomas Aquinas, too:
Always give a good man another chance . . .
It's not decent to talk evil about a woman . . .
Only truth and faith bind for keeps . . .
If you wouldn't like your children to do it,
Don't do it yourself . . .

I often think a woman
Embracing her man, breast to breast,
Whispering the deepest certainties to him,
Sings the song of the angels
More truly than all churchly chants:
Your face and arms and sweet scent
Are all creation, past and future . . .
No tree so stately I am not prouder still . . .
My only light, my dearest treasure . . .
Forever mine . . . Forever yours . . .

FACTS ABOUT MEMORY

BY MARTIN SCHEERER

IT is a common human trait to take the habitual for granted and to demand an explanation for the extraordinary. We know our age and birthplace, the names of our dearest friends and enemies, and innumerable other facts. Yet we rarely stop to inquire how and why we came to know all these things. Not until a right word fails us, or we discover on Monday that we forgot our wallet in the Sunday suit, do we begin to wonder about memory; and if John Smith suddenly finds himself embarrassed because he doesn't know his name and home address, or is unable to recognize his surroundings, we hasten, panic-stricken, to call the nearest mental hospital, and the newspapers report another case of amnesia.

A group of married couples once played a social game. The wives hid behind a screen only showing their bare hands. Each husband had to identify his spouse. "The hand you love to touch" did not produce the expected sense of familiarity. In the heated after-dinner dispute each failing husband pleaded: "But I never mistake

your hand for another woman's when I see you all-in-one; after all, I don't usually see you in pieces."

Called to the witness stand we feel accused by the attorney's suspecting insistence, "Can't you even remember the color of the boy's hair? Why, you stood right next to him when he threw that firecracker under the automobile." Yet all we can remember is a crash and a grinning face with freckles — a total impression. We plead, "Of course I did not memorize the single fact of hair color. I just paid no attention to it; had I only known I would later be questioned about it, I would have noticed this detail." This excuse is honest enough, but it does not explain everything about memory.

We can still tell that joke we laughed at so much when we heard it only *once* many years ago. Little Johnny cries out in protest when he approaches the neighborhood which he passed only once before — while going to the dentist. Some of us remember hundreds of faces, while others remember scores of names. The names and deeds of movie and base-

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ball stars, of politicians, racketeers, and band leaders, of news releases and current events are astoundingly well recalled. Tests have shown that children retain 70 per cent of the contents of movies, which can hardly be said of all their school lessons.

From all this it becomes obvious that the phenomenon of memory is far from simple.

Dimensions of Memory

Psychologists, often accused of the elaboration of the obvious, have through experiments thrown some light and brought some order into the obscure riddle of memory. When a person struggles to remember a date and finally recalls it, the psychologist goes back to the *origin* of the process. Here he discovers an axiom which seems almost trite, but which is in fact vital. *Before you can remember, you must have learned.*

It is a misconception we easily acquire from some school teachers that learning happens mainly when one deliberately studies with the *intent* of remembering. But this is only one way of learning. Fortunately, we also learn a great deal in daily living, *without* intent. The date we recall we may have heard just once. The school boy does not deliberately learn the baseball scores of major leagues. Few mothers have to memorize the birthdays of their children, nor does a bride commit to memory the date of her wedding anniversary. Remembering, then, occurs whether we have learned by intent or incidentally.

What we remember, however, may manifest itself in different ways, either through *recognition* or *recall*. These are distinct processes. Either of these can be impaired in mental disorder. In normal life each may take place independently, and *recognition* is the easier of the two. We recognize that elusive book title when the librarian guesses it for us. Students can more easily identify the true statement on a true-false test than reproduce it by heart. Here we find recognition in the absence of recall. On the other hand, we may *recall* without recognizing, as evidenced in the notorious instances of unintended plagiarism in literature and music, as well as in duplicated inventions. The person recalls but fails to recognize that he had met the idea long ago.

It has been fully demonstrated that the product of learning endures even when the person can neither recall nor recognize. During hypnosis an individual may revive otherwise completely forgotten or repressed events. Freud may be right in saying the unconscious knows no time limit. Even relearning of formerly presented material that is neither recognized nor recalled entails less time and labor than learning new material of the same type and length. These cases force us to the conclusion that an enduring change has been *retained* in the brain processes — the psychologists call it a “memory trace,” which shows its effect in the future, sometimes without the individual’s awareness. We are intrigued with the pros-

pect that memory traces may be permanent. Even so, we cannot understand *how* a person remembers unless we understand *how* he has learned.

Learning Through Association

For a long time the psychology of learning and memory defied investigation. But before the turn of this century a German professor invented nonsense syllables such as *baf*, *cef*, and so on. With them he ushered in a period of vigorous psychological research.

His nonsense syllables seemed ideal tools for getting at the rock-bottom of memory, just because they lacked meaning. He and his followers were now able to study with mathematical precision how quickly these syllables were learned, how easily they were forgotten, and so on. This led to the present development of the association theory of learning.

According this theory, things which have been repeatedly experienced together tend to become associated in memory. Thus we recall Seltzer when we hear Alka. The advocates of this *frequency* principle have supplemented it with other laws to cover all varieties of memory. When the first spanking is more easily recalled than the last, it is attributed to *primacy*. When the last movie is recalled better than the first, it is attributed to *recency*. When there is rivalry between primacy and recency, *vividness* of either movie will win out in recall. Modern psychology has added to this the emphasis on reward and punishment as factors which

favor the "stamping in" of repeated associations.

In the classical conditioning experiment a dog receives food accompanied by the ringing of a bell. If this "association" is repeated often enough the ring of the bell alone will lead the dog to salivate as he did previously while eating when the bell rang. Just as we say Seltzer when we hear Alka, so the dog's mouth waters when he hears the bell. Here the *reward* has ushered in the association.

This is an ingenious and also an ambitious theory. It claims to account for the fundamental character of all learning, by an amoeba or an Einstein. Its importance for us lies in the far-reaching effect it has had on educational practice. The educators have used it as the scientific basis for the emphasis on rote learning and drill. For instance, in arithmetic the pupil memorizes from consecutively presented cards $4+3=7$; $5+3=8$; etc. Similarly, multiplications are learned by rote. But this method of drill leads at times to questionable results. The pitfalls of rote learning were signally illustrated when school children wrote down from memory the oath of allegiance to the flag which they recited twice weekly: "I pled a legion to the flag . . . one nation in the visible . . . I pleasure legon to the flag . . . I plage a ligon . . . one nation into visible. . . ." These are not just errors in spelling. The original words were senseless to the child, so he tried to make his own sense out of them in the course of blind memorization.

Mechanical repetition without grasping the content or purpose may have no effect at all. A boy was required to stay after school and to write fifty times the form, "I have gone," in order to fix it in his memory. At the end of the exercise the teacher was absent from the room. The boy left this note: "Dear teacher, I have went home." For the boy the phrase remained an isolated, meaningless fragment without relation to real life.

No one can deny the merits and the frequent necessity of practice through repetition, and of motivation through praise and reproof. But we must raise the question: Does the association theory explain all learning?

An Experiment

A more recent school of psychologists has criticized associationism because it pictures memory as too dependent on a mechanical push and pull of piecemeal factors. They claim that it has overemphasized the rôle of extraneous *coincidental connections* in learning. These critics feel that associationism neglected the rôle of the content of the material as the person grasps it in learning. They propose a method for the study of learning *through understanding*.

The issue regarding the merits of the two types of learning, rote or understanding, is illustrated in a nice experiment. Three groups of adults had to learn a series of twelve identical numbers. The first group learned the series 581215192226 by reading: five-hundred-eighty-one, two-hundred-fif-

teen, one-hundred-ninety-two, two-hundred-twenty-six.

The second group learned the same series in a text: the Federal expenditure in the last year amounted to \$5,812,151,922.26. The third group read the same numbers as the first group. Here, however, the experimenter said, "If you alternately add 3 and 4 you have a principle. Look!" And he wrote:

$$\begin{array}{cccccccccccc} & & & & 5 & 8 & 12 & 15 & 19 & 22 & 26 \\ & & & & 5 & 8 & 12 & 15 & 19 & 22 & 26 \\ & & & & +3 & +4 & +3 & +4 & +3 & +4 & +3 & +4 \end{array}$$

The memory for the twelve numbers was tested one week later in each of the three groups. The first group showed poorest retention, the second recalled more correctly, and the third showed almost perfect recall.

So it seems that learning by rote is inferior to learning by understanding relations or a principle. It also appears from these experiments and others that sheer repetition has been unduly emphasized as the means for learning.

Learning Through Organization

Why do we think of the Civil War when we hear of Lincoln? The old answer that the two have been frequently brought together, though correct, is superficial. Lincoln and the Civil War are not tied together in memory by sheer frequency, but through meaning. When we learned about the Civil War as a whole pattern of events, Lincoln belonged to it because of the crucial rôle he played

in it. We experienced Lincoln and the Civil War as belonging together in a meaningful context.

Recently the New York *Times* aroused much interest with the results it published of a nationwide history test, in which the students made a poor showing. It may, of course, be true that the study of history has not been effective. But the reason may be just the opposite of what the *Times* report implied: the learning of history may have been of a rote, piecemeal character, without relating events to each other in a meaningful way. Such a method of learning would lead the psychologist to expect poor retention. The *Times* did not investigate *how* the students have been taught American history, and therefore it neglected the real issue.

The modern answer to what is genuine learning therefore is: We organize relations into a meaningful whole when we learn by experience or intent. *We remember experiences whenever the meaning of a whole situation, that is, its context, is suggested to us again in actual life.* The whole context can reawaken a part. Recalling the firecracker accident, the face of the boy came to our mind. A part can revive the context. Therefore little Johnny was reminded of the dentist-torture situation when a part of it, the street, was perceived. A few notes of a melody bring back the whole tune and easily the whole wording of a song. A distinct perfume may revive the whole atmosphere of that alluring evening.

Such illustrations are only a poor

analogy to the painstaking research of the laboratory. Experimental results suggest that what we grasp and retain is first the general pattern of the situation. Recall usually starts with a total impression and gradually fills in details. It has, for example, been verified that in experiments on retelling a story the subjects start their account with the general plan, scheme, form and order, which gradually peters out into less articulate details. It has been said that we learn *pattern-wise*. Modern teaching has made use of this natural law of memory. Children today are usually taught reading by first seeing whole words and later by breaking them down into the letters.

Learning Through Interest

To say that memory is organization of the meaning of past experience is telling only half the story. If something is to become meaningful for a person there must be a need or motive. Even rats running in mazes learn the alleys to the food better when hungry than when not. The dog previously mentioned would not learn to salivate to the sound of a bell had he not been hungry to start with. We all perceive clothing, of course, yet women generally remember better what women wear, while men usually know their bank accounts better.

Why are restaurant waiters not likely to forget the guest as long as he has not settled the bill? They even remember the items ordered and the amounts due. Once, however, payment is made, they are at a loss to

reply to questions about the very same order. Evidently as long as a vital interest prevailed, the waiter's memory was functioning amazingly well.

Although it is a truism to say that memory is always organized around an *interest*, the question of interest poses more of a problem. Not all interests are conscious to ourselves. Only when we learn intentionally are we aware of our motive. However, most of what we retain from everyday life happenings and from our own past is not assimilated through conscious will; it crystallizes around non-conscious strivings. In this respect, indeed, remembering and forgetting are *interest-carried* and *selective*. It would be disastrous to remember all the lunches we ever had, but we do know where to get the best lunch.

The absent-minded professor who might forget his luncheon appointment, very rarely fails to call for his salary check. Yet not only do we *remember* the "memorable" and vital, and forget what is negligible and peripheral; we also tend to *forget* what runs counter to our deeper personal strivings. Freud calls it repression when Mr. Smith discovers that he forgot to keep his business appointment with Mr. Jones whom he unconsciously dislikes.

Do's and Don'ts in Learning

In no other epoch have the demands upon man's retentive abilities been greater. Within the army and outside, every war activity involves learning

or re-learning. These demands concomitantly tax and test our intelligence. Advancing the capacity to learn, that is to say, advancing intelligence, is possible by promoting *intelligent* learning. Experimental psychology has established a number of facts about memory in the laboratory. Though one cannot apply these rigidly, one may nevertheless glean helpful hints, which have been confirmed by painstaking research.

Don't let age discourage you from studying new subjects. At forty-five your learning ability is as good as it was when you were sixteen.

Don't think of your memory as a storehouse or an all-absorbing sponge. Think of it as an active and selective process, making use of the past and *recreating the significant*. Make it your business to meet the significant by ever stimulating and widening your interests.

Don't think you can generate a general power of memory by general practice. It is not a muscle which grows stronger through exercise. You can best improve your memory processes by improving your learning procedures.

Don't use so-called memory aids without cautious discrimination. They are often too artificial and external. To illustrate anecdotically: "Meet Mr. Kelly" (Oh, that's easy to remember: Kelly — Belly). A week later both meet again: "How do you do, Mr. Stomach." The golden rule for memory aids is to hook up the facts most sensibly and economically with the

substance in question. For example, Oysters "R" in season.

Timing is important. The chances are that the more intent you are on retaining for long, the longer you will retain. Start rested. The old school rule of reviewing before and after sleep seems to be actually helpful. It is well, after you have worked continuously at one subject, to turn to something very different; the best is rest.

Distribute your study over intervals of days, if you have to master fairly difficult and prolonged material. Do not be discouraged if you cannot master it all at once. No athlete masses a week's exercise into a single afternoon. Short exercises over several days are better than one long sitting.

Cramming is an inferior method, serviceable only for a single occasion such as making a speech. Students cramming for an examination forget with surprising ease. Crowding too much material into one session reduces the retention span and produces interference of one subject with the other.

Recitation is necessary if you have to commit *verbatim* material to memory. Begin to recite to yourself after some readings.

Overlearn what is crucial in *ver-*

batim material; that means overshoot the mark of "just knowing." In every day parlance, rehearse to the point of knowing it "colder than cold." However:

Don't plunge into it. Before you think of memorizing, remember to think: What is the problem about? To what framework does it belong? What is the meaning of the task, its purpose for yourself and others?

First get the general scheme; go over the whole matter in one preliminary sweep. Look for relations; earmark the important.

Organize your material around the salient points and issues. From these, work down to the details.

Review frequently. Stop at junctions and render account by posing questions. This solidifies your grasp and increases self-confidence.

In the serious business of study, the basic attitude of vital interest is half the battle won. No panacea of rules for improving memory and no mental exercise behind closed doors can lock out the person as a whole. It's your entire personality that *discovers* and *develops* itself through learning — through such learning that discovers meaningful relations.



As I would not be a *slave*, so I would not be a *master*. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy.

— ABRAHAM LINCOLN

IF SWITZERLAND IS INVADED

BY EDWARD J. BYNG

A GERMAN invasion of Switzerland at the moment seems remote, though the intuition that prompted Hitler to tackle Russia may play other tricks on him. If the little country goes through the rest of this war unscathed, one of the main reasons, we may be sure, will be that it has made remarkable preparations against attack — preparations that deserve attention not only for their military ingenuity but as a case study in functioning democracy.

Assuming that the Nazis did undertake to blitz Switzerland, what would happen?

At the secret headquarters of General Henri Guisan, commander-in-chief of the Swiss Federal Army, the prearranged signal flashes up. The *furor Teutonicus* has been unleashed against his country. A few seconds later, terrific explosions rend the air all along the Swiss frontiers, as if hundreds of avalanches were thundering down the mountain slopes of the land. That is the first defensive measure — the most methodical demolition work

that a technically advanced nation has been able to devise during four years of unrelenting preparations.

At one fell swoop, from Basle in the north to the little principality of Liechtenstein in the east, all bridges over the Rhine, the natural boundary between Switzerland and Germany, collapse. Myriad land mines, many of them subject to remote control, long sown on the Swiss side of the river bed, await the first Nazi landing rafts and amphibious tanks. Other fields of land mines are spread for the invader on and below the Swiss shore of Lake Constance in the northeast, just across from Hitler's Zeppelin and airplane works at Friedrichshafen.

At the same moment, the famous tunnels that pierce the huge bulks of the Simplon and the St. Gotthard on the direct route to Italy disappear amidst the roar of full-sized landslides. So thorough has been the preparatory work for this destruction by Switzerland's world-renowned tunnel-building experts that now the Germans must simply set about boring and blasting new tunnels — a task of at

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least a year. At the same time innumerable viaducts, railway crossings and other masterpieces of engineering that span ravines and valleys many thousands of feet deep collapse instantaneously.

With all indispensable transport facilities annihilated in the first few minutes, the aggressor's land forces in the vital region between Germany and Italy remain almost helpless. And the German war machine is dealt another paralyzing blow:

Switzerland's entire railway system is electrified, because the abundant waterfalls provide all the "white coal" needed. Now, along with the tunnels, bridges and viaducts, every dam and power station not actually needed by the Swiss army is blown up in accordance with a carefully coordinated master plan. For many precious weeks the invader, should he be able to penetrate the country, will be unable to move a single train across Swiss soil. Should the Germans choose to bring in their own coal-fed locomotives, they will first have to rebuild every foot of track, which has been especially designed for electric locomotives.

One of the jobs of the power plants that have remained intact is to electrify the ingeniously camouflaged tank traps and barbed-wire fences with which Switzerland is surrounded. In a fraction of a second they can be charged with powerful electric currents — wholesale electrocution awaits the initial waves of German tank crews and infantry. The first systematic use of electrically charged

barbed-wire fences, known to the Germans as H. H. (*Hochspannungs-Hindernis*), goes back to World War I. In the present conflict H. H. was a prominent feature of the Nazi defenses at Dieppe and is likely to figure in the defenses against any Allied invasion. This weapon is a natural for Switzerland, where electrical engineering has reached the height of efficiency and electric power resources are plentiful.

Confronted with this maze of defenses and destruction, the Germans have to depend for weeks almost entirely upon their Luftwaffe, including paratroops and transport planes, for their military operations. But the airfields, especially those in the Midlands region of Switzerland, no longer exist when the Teutonic wave hits the Swiss side of the Rhine. Explosives have taken care of that, too. Since its own air fleet is too small to match the Luftwaffe, the Swiss Supreme Command is willing to demolish most of the airfields that the enemy might seize and use during the first phase of the campaign. But, for reasons that will become apparent, certain carefully camouflaged airdromes in the country's mountainous central region are spared in the general destruction.

II

This mechanical aspect of the defense is, of course, accompanied by military measures. Well before the present war started, the Swiss General Staff revised its mobilization plans on the

basis of experience derived from Hitler's lightning invasions of Austria and Czechoslovakia as well as from the first World War.

That experience proved that a small neutral nation can be overrun before it has a chance fully to mobilize. Conventional methods of mobilization were therefore discarded. Now, as soon as the order reaches the country by radio and word of mouth, every Swiss citizen-soldier not in active service simply picks up his rucksack and gun and hurries straight to the post to which his standing orders have long assigned him. It is seldom more than a few miles from his home.

Switzerland has only a citizen militia. As in other European armies, following completion of his military training the citizen becomes a member of the reserves. It is the pride of the country that every citizen is allowed to keep his army rifle and ammunition in his house. So orderly and ethically advanced is the population of this model country that there is rarely a case where this officially sanctioned and encouraged custom leads to violence. With her many inaccessible mountains, her passionately liberty-loving population famed for marksmanship, Switzerland is a classic background for guerilla warfare.

The enemy, advancing from the north, near Basle, and the west, near Neuchâtel and Geneva, might eventually force his way into the relatively flat region of the Swiss Midlands. The virtually inaccessible mountain districts in the southern area would

thereupon become the scene of the Swiss army's real stand. These mountain sections are honeycombed with bomb and gas-proof shelters, subterranean fortifications and munition dumps, food stores, water reservoirs, artesian wells, dugouts for artillery of every caliber, underground infantry barracks, pillboxes and perfectly concealed nests for snipers, advance machine gun and flame-thrower units.

Artificial landslides and avalanches form a distinct feature of the defense in these regions. High up, in strategic positions, huge boulders lie heaped upon latticework frames made of tree trunks. Simple pressure on a lever hurtles them down the mountainside, smothering everything in their path, including the enemy's tank formations, infantry and armored divisions. In the first World War this tactic was employed by both Austrian and Italian troops in the Tyrol. But it is an ancient Swiss invention, first used by them at Morgarten in 1315, when Austrian invaders, knights in heavy armor, were literally crushed in a narrow valley by onrushing boulders.

There is another vital aspect of this picture of little Switzerland at grips with the giant from the other side of the Rhine. A German invasion would automatically make the country one of the United Nations. A number of unique airfields are therefore in readiness for use by Allied air forces. Situated in high-lying sectors, some of these fields, complete with hangars, gas and oil tanks and other supplies, have been blasted out of the solid

rock, so that German bombing could hardly do more than scar them. Used by Allied planes, they would bring every corner of Hitler's Reich within easier reach than ever before.

It was the late Colonel General Ernest Udet, German air ace of the last war, who first landed a plane on a glacier and then took off from there. He flew to the summit of the Zugspitze, well over 7,500 feet up in the Bavarian Alps. There is the possibility that Allied aircraft, perhaps especially adapted for operating on the glaciers of the Jungfrau, Mönch and Eiger chains in central Switzerland, might use even these sheets of eternal ice for take-off points to bomb Germany.

Already the Swiss authorities have hidden the nation's gold reserves. According to one rumor the Swiss edition of Fort Knox is a cave inside the Simplon. Another makes St. Gotthard the hiding place. It is said that only four persons know the precise location of the treasure and that two of these now reside in neutral countries other than Switzerland.

Switzerland has a long and heroic military tradition. The present army is based on general conscription of all able-bodied men. In times of peace the recruits undergo a training of from sixty-five to ninety days, according to the branch of the service. Then, annually for seven years — ten in the case of sergeants — the men rejoin the colors for a period of from eleven to fourteen days. In normal times the Swiss army has no generals, as it is composed of several divisions headed by colonels. In an emergency the Federal legislature designates a single general who becomes commander-in-chief. Henri Guisan, who now occupies the supreme office, is a citizen of the French-speaking canton of Vaud. The country now has half a million men under arms, with another two hundred thousand available at a moment's notice.

The world's model democracy, Switzerland, is thus on the alert, in trigger readiness to teach the Nazis a costly lesson should desperation or arrogance tempt them to attack.



DEMOCRACY is that form of society, no matter what its political classification, in which every man has a chance and knows that he has it.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Common Newt

THE month of April is the most tumultuous, most pregnant, and easily the most profoundly moving, of all the months experienced around the northern year. In April, a man must be besotted with urbanity, dulled to a very stupor of unawareness, not to feel a stir in him of participancy in the earth's gigantic renewal and awakening, and not to have his spirit leap, at

least a little, in experience of a tremendous gladness and a jubilant wonder. The bone-hard earth of the frozen New England hillsides grows soft now with *thaw, and there is exhaled from these lately frozen furrows the smell of the fecund excellence of the soil. Country brooks, ice-locked for a bitter season of nearly half a year, rush free and roiled and



Newt

Frank Utpatel

tumbling now, the earth-stained ice-chunks thudding and swirling along courses on the steamy banks of which there thrust up the fleshy green growths of skunk cabbage, that rank and swollen plant that has the look of a symbol of the immemorial power and strength of all vegetable things. The robins are back now, worm-digging in the thawing earth, and such snow as still falls is only what the countrymen call "robin snow" . . . a heavy and wet stuff, melting overnight, soaking still further the seed-bearing earth.

There is felt now everywhere such a surging and release, such a gathering of long-dormant powers which will presently spill forth in leaves and blossoms and grasses, in animals and birds and snakes and fish and wasps and a million other creaturely manifestations, that a man must in truth have lost his animal and earthly kinship, withdrawing into a terrible isolation where the heart corrupts, if he fails to feel himself caught up, strengthened and restored. The flintiest and most un-Wordsworthian farmer, going out now into his fields, hearing the softly gentle songs of bluebirds, smelling the smell of the moist earth and of growing things, can scarcely fail to feel intimations, tremulous and unutterable, that are not far removed from the emotion of those saints who believed themselves to experience the overwhelming and sweetly terrible intrusion of God.

In this season, as in any other, there are many curious and rewarding things

to be observed outdoors which are not perceivable to a merely casual eye. In January no man can fail to remark the snow, and the cutting winds out of the north, and the way the gaunt elms and maples groan and clatter; but for a closer earth-intimacy it is good to look to subtler things: to follow the weasel-tracks, to find where the chickadees roost in the bitter nights, to investigate if possible (or certainly to think about) the dormant woodchucks lying stilled and almost pulseless below the surface of the whitened earth. So in summer, an awareness of the sun-hot greenery, the burning blue of the sky, the droning of cicadas, gives a man not more than a general impression; and, though this in itself is a fine experience, to be sure, there is to be obtained a sharper and more focussed intimacy by exploring the thickets and finding a vireo's nest, with perhaps a parasitic cowbird whose vireo-impingement may be studied, or by watching a dauber wasp in the intricate construction of her clay-fashioned cells, or by going quietly to a brookside in the night and perhaps seeing there the shy and strange little mammal called a water shrew, hopping and skittering and splashing under the summer moon.

Now, in the Spring, a man can scarcely miss such signs of restoration and resurgence as the songs of newly returned birds, the push and drive of sap, the pungent smell coming from the thaw-drenched body of what will presently be a flowering earth. These are the great events: the massive properties of the season, which must

convey its general impression and mood to any but the most lost and alien heart. But it is good to have an acquaintance with some of the small, particular, and less immediately evident phenomena, and to have experience of Spring, so to speak, in this sharper and specific focus. April is in the wind, and in the showers, and in all the great tumult of renascence. It is also in the fact that the spotted newts, obscure in quiet brook-pools and lately thawed ponds, are engaged now in the initiation of a new generation.

II

The spotted newt — or common newt or red newt or speckled newt, as it is variously known to naturalists who have no fancy for trafficking in names like *Triturus viridescens* — has a salamander body some four inches long, the upper surface sometimes reddish and sometimes dark olive, but always bearing two rows of vividly scarlet dots ringed with black, the under surface a delicate lemon yellow finely speckled and powdered with black. A newt is so small and secretive a being that it is largely overlooked. Seen closely, it exhibits an arresting beauty.

The mating of the newts, now taking place in the cold April water, is an extraordinary rite. The male, following a pattern of behavior inherent and hereditary in his amphibian kind, comes to the female and clasps her tightly with his hind-legs locked around her body back of her fore-legs. When he has gripped her firmly,

he slowly arches his body into an extreme curve, and, bringing his head against hers, begins a nuzzling and caressing that constitute the salamander version of a kiss. Protractedly the kiss continues; as it does so, the male begins rhythmically rapping his tail against the female's body, then presently shaking and agitating her, so that the two locked bodies thresh and twist together. For many hours the embrace of the newts may continue, now a quiet lying with heads pressed together, now a violent wriggling and squirming of both bodies. At last (and nearly a day may have passed), the male relaxes his hold and withdraws to a little distance from his partner. He voids now what is called a spermatophore. It is a tiny vase-shaped capsule containing the mass of his sperm cells. The female newt follows to where the spermatophore lies, creeps slowly over it, and draws it into her opened cloaca. Inside her body, in a special sac of her sexual apparatus, it will fertilize the eggs.

The elaborate love-ritual of the mating newts is not more extraordinary than the life-cycle of the new newt-generation which the act inaugurates. From each of the singly deposited newt-eggs, individually encased in a protective envelopment of jelly and placed on leaves or the blades of water-plants, there hatches a larva equipped with branching frond-like gills, a fish-like tail, filamentous outgrowths to serve as balancers, and the "buds" of what will in time be the front legs. This

larva, like the parents, is water-dwelling. All summer it frequents the pond or brook-pool where it was born, growing larger, and then as the autumn comes it undergoes a complete transformation at once in its appearance and in its mode of living. The dull green color characterizing it at birth alters to a bright red; the gills are lost and are replaced by lungs; the young newt — now a “red newt,” and so different from either larval or adult form that it was for years supposed to be a different species of creature — clambers out of the water and goes creeping away to the woods to lead a terrestrial existence. Save that it is smooth-skinned and not scaled, it looks now like a particularly brilliant and bright-eyed kind of little lizard . . . an orange-vermilion lizard with double rows of black-ringed spots along the sides of its back. It heads for the damp, leaf-mouldy seclusion of the woods, there to hide under flat stones and in the shade of the thick underbrush, coming out only on rainy and misty days when its body will not be dried by the direct sun.

Local climate and other factors are influential in determining how long the “red newt” remains on land, hiding in the dampness of the fallen leaves or the moist sanctuary beneath stones and rotting logs; but its stay, astoundingly, is almost certain to be a year and is in most regions more frequently two years. Adroitly carnivorous, feeding on such insects and small animals as its excursions on sunless days disclose, it appears wholly

adapted to a land life. But then, in the first or second autumn after departure from the water, it feels in its amphibian blood a new compulsive urge. In September or October, now, the red newt loses its redness, and the final olive and yellow pattern of maturity colors its skin, and the newt is possessed by a tremendous drive to seek once more the water.

Sometimes in the fall days the traveling of the matured newts to water takes on the dimensions of a mass migration: the one and one-half-year-olds and the two and one-half-year-olds being simultaneously moved, because of differences in the factors of their land-life, to make the trek to their original element again. Then newts may converge by thousands on a country creek or pond: clambering over rocks, scaling cliffs, surmounting every obstacle as they creep forward with the beautiful and terrible fixity which characterizes all primal drives of instinct and tropism. The matured newt, laboring toward the water, may travel as long as two weeks. It travels only on warm days (for by the autumn it can stand the sunlight on its skin); on days of frosty temperature it creeps into shelter and rests. Then, on the next warm day, again forward and forward, inch by inch, in obedience to irresistible summons.

By early November, if its inner urgencies have accurately served it, the newt attains to water. It has come to the element in which henceforth, even during the severity of midwinters, it will browse for crustaceans and

aquatic insects, and will cling for rest to the water-plants, and in the Spring-times will conduct its curiously intense and elaborate rites of love. The newt creeps to the water's edge, knows the obscure fulfillment of a destiny achieved, and glides into the cool algae-green shelter of final home.



The Ostrich Hides Its Head

FOR some occult reason, the hoary nature fake that the ostrich hides its head in the sand to escape observation seems to have taken a new lease of life. Cartoons are actually drawn showing the bird standing erect on both long legs and burying its head in the sand in naïve delusion that this assures safety.

Of course no bird in creation ever did any such thing. It takes human beings to be really idiotic. The ostrich does camouflage itself by hiding its head in the sand, or rather on the sand, but this is why and how it does it:

When a day-old ostrich chick is warned by its mother that a bird of prey is sailing in the blue, or a carnivorous animal is silhouetted against the horizon, following her example it squats instantly close to the earth, doubling its legs under it so that the dull-hued plumage looks like a dry tuft of desert vegetation. The head and neck, the only things left conspicuous, are then laid flat along the sand, blending into the background. It is the same instinctive action as that of the partridge, the grouse, or any animal that at the sign of danger freezes into immobility if it is not sure of getting away — using its protective coloring as a defense. The ostrich no more poses in the ridiculous attitude of the popular simile than in its natural state it dyes its feathers bright red like a woman's lacquered fingernails.

— L. LAMPREY

THE LIBRARY

The Anatomy of Fascism

BY JOHN LAND

IF FASCISM comes to America, we shall not even have the excuse of being the first fooled. The third volume of Theodor Mommsen's *History of Rome* describes the collapse of the Roman Republic and the rise of Caesarism in exhaustive detail. But as nobody is going to read Mommsen, John T. Flynn's *As We Go Marching*¹ must serve instead.

It is Mr. Flynn's thesis that the United States has gone quite a piece along the road to fascism in the last eleven years, but that most Americans do not know what road they are on, what fascism is or what a real fascist looks like. Americans have been told, and most of them in their simple way believe, that a fascist is a man in a brown, black or silver shirt who hates Jews. These shirted hoodlums, says Mr. Flynn, certainly exist. But their numbers are comparatively small and their activities are a matter chiefly for the police. The real fascists in the United States do not dress like color charts. Neither do they invariably hate Jews. Nor is fascism primarily a revolt against civilization. "It is, alas," says Mr. Flynn, "not a revolt against

Western culture but a fruit — bitter and poisonous — of that culture."

As We Go Marching is an important book because its author skips the common notions about fascism and studies how fascism developed in the two countries where it became the government: Italy and Germany. Of course, there is no such thing as a classic fascism, just as there is no classic democracy. German fascism (Nazism) differs from Italian fascism, just as the democracy of Virginia differs from the democracy of Pennsylvania. But Italian fascism is the thing at its least complicated, and Mr. Flynn's study of it is the best part of his book. It is a historical paradigm worth examining with him.

Italy, which some sixty-two years after its birth became the world's first fascist state, was the child of two of Europe's few authentic democrats — Giuseppe Mazzini and Giuseppe Garibaldi. Until Mussolini, it was "part of that adventure in representative government that characterized the continental scene after 1848." Italy was a constitutional monarchy with an aristocratic Senate and a Premier responsible to the king but

¹ \$2.00. Doubleday, Doran

dependent for funds on the popularly elected Chamber of Deputies. There was traditional freedom of speech, and, after 1896, complete freedom of the press. Even before that, restraints on the press were almost never invoked:

The liberal parties grew continuously in numbers and power. And generally Italy must be accepted as an authentic section of the whole experiment in representative government. . . . Thus we behold the body into which the fatal germ of fascism will insert itself — a parliamentary, constitutional monarchy conforming to the general pattern of Western civilization. In one other respect it followed that pattern. It was what is commonly called a capitalist society — a society in which the instruments of production and distribution were owned and operated by private persons or groups for profit and within the framework of the money economy. That is, it was like the other countries of western Europe.

Civilized countries, like civilized individuals, like to keep their budgets balanced. For years old-fashioned Italian leaders tried to make income and outgo jibe. But in 1876 there came to power a modern politician for whom red entries had no terror, but even a certain charm. Agostino Depretis, Italy's first Liberal prime minister, started Italy on the road to fascism. He was a journalist who discovered that the key to modern power politics is the masses and their mouthpieces, the Left politicians. With their help, he managed to stay in power for eleven years. He owed this achievement to a technique that seemed inspired then, but is familiar enough now: he had no program. He simply

promised every sort of reform regardless of whether or not his promises were contradictory. Thus he promised to reduce taxation but increase public works, to restore prosperity but introduce social security. This catholicity attracted men from all schools of thought. Oppressed tenants and underpaid workers, reactionary landlords and big employers all sought to collect on the promissory notes which he had issued on his way to power.

Depretis, says Mr. Flynn, was a shallow statesman, "with only the most rudimentary knowledge of the grave problems of economics and social reform. But as a politician, he was a craftsman of the first order." When "the inevitable depression" came along, Depretis switched from promises of the more abundant life to "the oldest and most reactionary device — public works financed by government spending." "He adopted," says Mr. Flynn, "the policy which in our own time has been called 'tax and tax, borrow and borrow, spend and spend.'" Depretis unbalanced the budget and it remained unbalanced for thirteen years. He planned it that way. For Depretis had made another important political discovery, which later was to be joyfully rediscovered elsewhere: an unbalanced budget is a political big stick. Political life in Italy, like political life everywhere else on earth, was notoriously corrupt. That is to say, the premier kept his job by buying up the deputies. Depretis discovered that this was horse-and-buggy tactics; he discovered that by spending increased

taxes for public works, he could bypass the deputies and buy up their constituents. Then, to get their public works, the constituents would keep the deputies in line for him. "The philanthropic state," says Mr. Flynn, "was now erected in Italy and it was never to be dismantled."

His admirers called Premier Depretis "the incorruptible." Critics called him "the incorruptible corrupter of all." The contribution of Italy's first Liberal government was a spending program so huge that Italy had to finance the immense expenditures of the first World War "on top of the already staggering public debt" on which the interest alone, by 1913, made up one fourth of the public revenues.

A state is as sound as its thriftiest citizens. A social order is sick when it has to tax its thrifty citizens heavily to provide for its poor. When a social order has no other choice but to do so, that social order is doomed. There are two possible delaying stages on the way to the mortuary. Depretis discovered the first one: militarism. His successor, Francesco Crispi, discovered the second: imperialism. For taxpayers may fuss and fret, and even refuse to pay tax tribute to support the impoverished masses, but they cannot refuse to pay even astronomical taxes for the army and navy.

By 1895 Italy was spending five times as much on the army and navy as on public works. Says Mr. Flynn, "To ask an Italian statesman to agree to disarmament before the Great War

would have been to ask him to liquidate the largest industry in Italy." Labor and the liberals always supported this made-work program. So did the conservatives, the great enemies of freewheeling finance.

But the hard-headed Italian politicians knew that they could not keep their people piling up taxes even for the army and navy if these were not to be used against somebody. After the Liberal Depretis came the Liberal Francesco Crispi. Crispi perceived that the people must be provided "with an arsenal of fears." "Powerful and greedy neighbors became a national necessity." Crispi, who had been one of Mazzini's favorite lieutenants, plumped for imperialism. "And of course, as the apprehensions of the people grow, the army grows with them, and so too the unbalanced budget. . . ."

In a chapter called *The Incredible Synthesis*, Mr. Flynn explores the strange paradox whereby the Left and the Right got together to create fascism:

We come now to a fact of central importance. What I have been trying to say thus far is that out of the condition of Italian society sprang certain streams of opinion and of desire that governments acted on, and that people accepted or at least surrendered to with little resistance, even though they may not have approved or understood them. Bewildered statesmen turned to government debt as a device for creating purchasing power. No one approved it in principle. But there was no effective resistance because people demanded the fruits it brought. Another was the ever-growing reliance on social-welfare

measures to mitigate the privations of the indigent, the unemployed, the sick, the aged. The instruments of debt and spending became standard equipment of politicians. And this need for spending opened the door to an easy surrender to the elements most interested in militarism and . . . imperialism.

II

But the most desperate pump-priming produced not prosperity but a trickle of doubt that pump-priming ever could work. The idea got round that the trouble was in the economic structure itself. Freedom perhaps was too free and had better be regulated.

One of the most baffling phenomena of fascism (says Mr. Flynn) is the almost incredible collaboration between men of the extreme Right and the extreme Left in its creation. The explanation lies at this point. Both Right and Left joined in this urge for regulation. The motives, the arguments, and the forms of expression were different, but all drove in the same direction. *And this was that the economic system must be controlled in its essential functions and this control must be exercised by the producing groups.*

Fascism began with the first trade union and the first cartel. "At bottom each cartel is an attempt by businessmen to subject a sector of the economic system to government by themselves. The movement marked a turning point in capitalist society. It is an attempt to get rid of the risks inherent in business by planning and direction." Meanwhile, the Left developed its own form of cartelization — syndicalism, chiefly under the theoretical inspiration of the French en-

gineer, Georges Sorel, whose hard-boiled *Reflections on Violence* was so much more appealing to our youth than the ponderosities of *Das Kapital*. For Sorel not only had the knife between his teeth; he accepted the more sweeping Marxist ideas too — class war, seizure of the instruments of production by the workers, the expropriation of anybody who owns anything:

Here in syndicalist-socialism was the catalytic agent that was bringing together a number of hostile elements in society and gradually uniting them, however little they perceived it, in agreement upon the following set of principles:

1. The renunciation of the old principle of liberalism in fact, though of course the language of liberalism continued to be used. The unions were as far from liberalism as the nationalists.
2. The economic system must be subjected to planning.
3. This planning must be done outside the political state.
4. It must be committed to the hands of the producing groups.

All — employers through their trade associations and cartels, workers through their unions, socialists through their gradual indoctrination with syndicalism — were approaching a common ground by different routes. . . .

For men had lost faith in freedom, justice, religion, their traditional institutions and their leaders. What G. A. Borgese calls the Black Age had begun in Italy. The country came out of the first World War a winner —

But once more peace — dreadful and realistic peace — peace the bill collector, heavy with all her old problems was back in Rome. The deficits were larger. The debt was greater . . . The various economic planners were more relentless than

ever in their determination to subject the capitalist system to control . . . Italy's Old Man of the Sea — the debt — was now a monster. The prewar debt which had frightened the conservatives and menaced the state with bankruptcy, looked trivial in the presence of the mountainous load after the war.

Meanwhile "the soldiers streamed back to the cities to find the factories discharging, not hiring men." Out of this paralyzing unemployment, the armed sit-down strikes in north Italy, the general fear and unrest, came Mussolini. How he seized power is fairly recent history. What he made of that power, the new political form which under the force of necessity Mussolini improvised is summarized by Mr. Flynn in eight points. Fascism, he says, "is a form of social organization

1. In which the government acknowledges no restraint upon its powers — totalitarianism.

2. In which this unrestrained government is managed by a dictator — the leadership principle.

3. In which the government is organized to operate the capitalist system and enable it to function under an immense bureaucracy.

4. In which the economic society is organized on the syndicalist model, that is by producing groups formed into craft and professional categories under supervision of the state.

5. In which the government and the syndicalist organizations operate the capitalist society on the planned, autarchial principle.

6. In which the government holds itself responsible to provide the nation with adequate purchasing power by public spending and borrowing.

7. In which militarism is used as a conscious mechanism of government spending, and

8. In which imperialism is included as a policy inevitably flowing from militarism as well as other elements of fascism.

"Wherever," concludes Mr. Flynn, "you find a nation using all these devices you will know that this is a fascist nation. In proportion as any nation uses most of them you may assume it is tending in the direction of fascism. . ."

Toward the end of his Italian section Mr. Flynn has a paragraph that will come as a shock to Henry Agard Wallace:

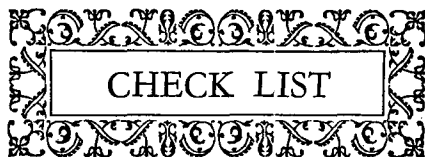
The commonly accepted theory that fascism originated in the conspiracy of the great industrialists to capture the state will not hold. It originated on the Left. Primarily it gets its first impulses in the decadent or corrupt forms of socialism — from among those erstwhile socialists who, wearying of that struggle, have turned first to syndicalism and then to becoming the saviors of capitalism by adapting the devices of socialism and syndicalism to the capitalist state. The industrialists and nationalists joined up only when the fascist squadrons had produced that disorder and confusion in which they found themselves lost. Then they supposed they perceived dimly at first, and then more clearly, in the preachments of the fascists, the germs of an economic corporativism that they could control, or they saw in the fascist squadrons the only effective enemy for the time being against communism. Fascism is a leftist product — a corrupt and diseased offshoot of leftist agitation.

As We Go Marching is a useful and effective book. It might have been even more effective if Mr. Flynn had closed it with his excellent section on the genesis of German Nazism. Instead of drawing obvious conclusions about current American history, he

might have omitted Section Three, "Fascism in the United States," and taken his stand on his foreword: "Actually the book from beginning to end is about the United States." For the last section of a short book is not enough adequately to explore the totalitarian trends which Mr. Flynn believes he sees in America. An investigating committee with plenary powers might hesitate to tackle that job. They would need many books many times the size of *As We Go Marching* to contain their findings.

The last section may be the least satisfactory part of this book for other reasons too. I believe I detect evidences of haste, as if Mr. Flynn had worked on it under the crowding pressures of political events. There is reason to believe that the book was intended to give aid and comfort to conservatives, Democratic and Republican, in an election year. If so, that is a sad commentary on those political conservatives. There is no comfort for conservatives in Mr. Flynn's book. He has admirably analyzed the process by which fascism arrives. But neither he nor anybody else knows any way to stop the process. For nobody knows how to solve the chief political problem of the age — how to pacify the masses before they seize political control of the State. And Wendell Willkie is not a New Deal stooge. He is merely living proof that in this period even the least flexible political party cannot long resist the pressures of the masses which, according to Mr. Flynn, lead

inevitably down the road he has ably charted. Conservatives may take a certain bleak pleasure in knowing what the score is. They can hardly be happy about it. For they now stand in one of history's darker valleys, threatened on either hand by landslides of totalitarian fascism or totalitarian communism.



(Continued from page 388)

THE MAKING OF MODERN CHINA, by Owen and Eleanor Lattimore. \$2.50. Norton. A first-rate introduction to the history, culture, politics and present military affairs of China, by two of the leading American authorities on the country. There are several good maps.

SEVEN FACES OF LOVE, by André Maurois. \$2.75. Didier. M. Maurois discusses love in terms of the heroes and heroines of seven celebrated fiction writers of France: Marie-Madeleine de La Vergne, Rousseau, Choderlos de Laclos, Stendahl, Balzac, Flaubert and Proust. His analyses are on the chatty side — addressed apparently to readers of women's magazines. The translation by Haakon M. Chevalier is readable enough.

JAZZ from the Congo to the Metropolitan, by Robert Goffin. \$2.50. Doubleday, Doran. The story of jazz from its African beginnings, which the author says have been mixed with French and Spanish folk tunes, through its New Orleans phase in this country and its high popularity in the dizzy twenties to the swing and boogie-woogie of today. There are appraisals of almost every jazz band, its personnel and best recordings. A must for jazz fans.

BRAZIL IN THE MAKING, by Jose Jobim. \$3.50. Macmillan. A very useful and competent reference book on Brazil's industry, agriculture,

mining and all other aspects of its economic life, prepared on the basis of official sources by one of the country's leading economists. The author was for many years the editor of *Brazil*, the official publication of the Brazilian Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

MY FAMILY RIGHT OR WRONG, by John Phillip Sousa III. \$2.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. The grandson of the famous band leader has written another of those *Lives With Father* in which American family life resembles a day in one of our better psychopathic wards. Very light, sometimes very funny.

THE GRIM REAPERS, by Stanley Johnston. \$2.75. *Dutton*. The author of the justly renowned *Queen of the Flat-Tops* here relates the exploits of Fighter Squadron VF-10, nicknamed the Grim Reapers, who did such heroic work in the conquest of Guadalcanal. Mr. Johnston writes tersely, sticking close to the facts and not sinking into purple prose, but he never loses sight of the human element. A thoroughly first-rate job. The photographs and maps are superb.

MEN OF MARYKNOLL, by James Keller and Meyer Berger. \$2.00. *Scribner's*. Maryknoll is a Catholic missionary society situated on the Hudson, founded in 1910 and approved by Pope Pius X in 1911. Here the work of ten of its missionaries in the Far East is described simply and with remarkable effectiveness. All of them have performed merciful deeds of heroic proportions, and some have defied the Japanese enemy with a bravery not often equalled by any soldier or sailor.

THE FUTURE OF SOUTH-EAST ASIA, by K. M. Panikkar. \$1.75. *Macmillan*. By South-East Asia the author, who has held important political, educational and journalistic posts in India, means Burma, Thailand, Indo-China, Malaya and Indonesia. He thinks that their problems will never be satisfactorily solved until they are given political and economic independence and cultural equality with the West. Further, he argues that a free and stable government in India is an indispensable condition of the real freedom of these lands.

FICTION

WORK AND PLAY, by Jules Romains. \$3.00. *Knopf*. This, the thirteenth volume of his novel of contemporary French life, *Men of Good Will*, was written in Mexico City where Romains is now living. The familiar characters reappear in this book. The series has become like one of those interminable conversations between members of county families, whose memories go back a hundred years and embrace a thousand people over a hundred square miles. A listener can begin listening at almost any point in the conversation. The names of the people under discussion are relevant chiefly to guide you through the endless chronicle.

But there is repayment for those who listen in the spacious sense of human panorama and the infinite rich detail of action, motive, episode. Artistically, the danger is, of course, that after the charm of variety wears off, you resent the clutter and the uncertainty as to whether you are really going somewhere or just being led round and round. Jules Romains would never phrase it that way but something like that, with greater ponderosity of purpose, is his artistic intention in creating a fictional model of the apparently pointless complexity of the modern world in which individuals shoot up and drift down through the social mass like bacteria in a drop of water. But Romains' complexity may succeed so well that it defeats him.

J. L.

A BELL FOR ADANO, by John Hersey. \$2.50. *Knopf*. An honest AMG Major does his best to run the town of Adano in Italy properly and to fight the forces of fascism, but he comes up against a stupid dictatorial general. Full of humor, and pathos, and remarkably well written.

HACKBERRY CAVALIER, by George Sessions Perry. \$2.50. *Viking*. Regional tales of the Texas bayou folk. Gay, light reading.

MR. BOWLING BUYS A NEWSPAPER, by Donald Henderson. \$2.00. *Random House*. Mr. Bowling is not a man to annoy, his main occupation is doing away with people that annoy him, and he would rather enjoy being caught. You'll

(Continued on page 510)

THE OPEN FORUM

CATHOLICS AND BIRTH CONTROL

So many letters have come in criticizing Dr. J. H. J. Upham's article, "Catholics and Birth Control," in the February issue that it would be quite impossible to print all of them. We have therefore decided to present at length the views of one of the most authoritative Catholic writers, the Rt. Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan, plus excerpts from other letters:

SIR: The article, "Catholics and Birth Control," by J. H. J. Upham, M.D., in the February MERCURY is an amazing performance. I wish to offer some comments upon its main propositions.

(1) According to Dr. Upham, "There is nothing inherently irreligious in birth control," since it has been approved by "leaders of practically all the religious groups except the Roman Catholics." In other words, a question of fundamental morality can properly be decided by a majority vote! This is a new function for majorities.

(2) According to Dr. Upham, the fundamental issue in the birth control controversy is "whether any religious group, large or small, shall be permitted to impose its own taboos upon the whole population."

This is inaccurate, misleading and disingenuous. The proposal to make medical information concerning birth control available to the American public, is contrary to Federal and state laws now in existence. These laws were enacted by legislative bodies in which the majority were Protestants. Catholics demand that this legislation be left on the statute books; the birth control advocates want it repealed or modified. Since both groups have a constitutional right to pursue these respective courses, it is brazenly unfair to describe the Catholic position as an attempt "to impose its own taboos upon the whole population."

(3) Continuing along this line, Dr. Upham represents Catholic opposition to the modification of existing legislation which the birth controllers seek, as "repugnant to a democratic nation." Any group of American citizens has a constitutional

right to advocate the embodiment of its views in legislation, provided that these do not include legally prohibited objectives. All the Catholics are contending for is that the laws in question stay as they are. To stigmatize activities directed to this end as an attempt to "force its special tenets upon everybody" is somewhat less than fair.

(4) Dr. Upham's denunciation of "pressures," boycotts and other methods employed by Catholic groups in their endeavor to prevent the repeal of existing legislation to which he is opposed, is applicable to agitation by many other groups for the enactment or repeal of other laws. As actually used, some of these methods may be reprehensible but none of them is in violation of the civil laws.

(5) According to Dr. Upham "this sort of activity by the Roman Catholic hierarchy is a direct and dangerous invasion of civil rights, as well as a startling infringement of the American principle of separation of church and state."

This is rather careless language. As noted above, the activity which Dr. Upham condemns is based upon the constitutional rights of every citizen. What "civil right" is invaded by this sort of activity? How would the Doctor and his friends go about prosecuting this "invasion" of civil rights? Why drag in the "principle of separation of church and state"? Does the good Doctor mean to assert that this "principle" prevents a religious group, any religious group, from upholding or opposing any piece of civil legislation? Or is it only Catholics who are thus restricted by the alleged principle?

(6) No competent Catholic denounces birth control on the slovenly and ambiguous conten-

tion that it is "unnatural." This charge is pretty old stuff. Amputation of a diseased member conserves nature, inasmuch as it promotes the well-being of the whole person. Birth control thwarts nature by the perverse use of a faculty; it is in itself directly opposed to propagation and preservation of the human species. In other words, it is opposed to rational nature adequately considered. Every human action is "natural" inasmuch as it is in conformity with and the product of some natural human force or energy; hence birth control is no more unnatural than murder, adultery, or sodomy. Nevertheless, all these are contrary to rational nature adequately considered because they violate the essential relations between men and his fellows or the essential relation between his sexual faculties and the purpose of these faculties.

(7) Dr. John Rock, whom Dr. Upham quotes on pages 160-161, is unknown to me but that does not prove his non-existence. At any rate, the last sentence of his statement and the paragraph immediately following are too trivial for serious consideration. I doubt that many medical men would regard the points therein made as of any importance.

(8) "In recommending the Rhythm System while condemning all other types of birth control Catholics today are no longer disputing principles but *methods* . . ."

Dr. Upham's language would have been exact if he had used the word "end" instead of "principles" in the foregoing sentence. The end sought by both groups is the same. The methods, indeed, are different and this makes all the difference of morality in the situation. Surely Dr. Upham does not hold to the spurious principle that "the end justifies the means." Medical experts are, indeed, competent to decide upon the therapeutic aspect of methods but they have no authority to pronounce upon the moral aspect. The latter is the proper concern of the theologian and the moralist.

(9) According to Dr. Upham "the birth rate in the United States has soared to its highest point in a quarter of a century." Where did the Doctor dig up that statistic? In 1918 the birth rate for the

registration area of the United States was 24.6 per 1000. Between that year and 1933 it dropped to 16.5 per 1000. Since the latter year the rate has increased, so that in 1942 it was 21 per 1000. Instead of having "soared to its highest point in a quarter of a century," the current birth rate has declined by 3.6 below that of 1918 and 3.7 below that of 1917. Moreover, by far the greater part of the upturn since 1933 has taken place in the last three years, due to a vast and probably temporary increase in prosperity and the increase in the marriage rate due to war marriages.

(10) Dr. Upham contends that the issue is "whether ignorance shall be made obligatory in our free land." That ignorance has been made obligatory by the civil law. The same law forbids the dissemination of obscene publications of all sorts. Both kinds of ignorance promote human welfare more than does knowledge of these subjects. Sometimes "ignorance is bliss."

(11) Success of the endeavor to prevent the modification of those laws desired by birth control advocates would mean, says Dr. Upham, "the end of the democratic American way of life."

In the last few years "democracy" and "the American way of life" have been grossly abused. They have been utilized as slogans for all sorts of unhealthy proposals. If the sentence just quoted from Dr. Upham's article is correct then the legislators who enacted the laws which the birth controllers now seek to repeal must have been anti-democratic and anti-American. Does Dr. Upham seriously maintain this proposition?

RT. REV. JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

*Director, National Catholic
Welfare Conference*

Washington, D. C.

Other letters objecting to Dr. Upham's article in large part duplicated Dr. Ryan's points, but some expressed themselves a bit more sharply. The Very Rev. Charles J. Callan, editor of the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review* of Hawthorne, New York, says:

"In opposing unnatural and artificial birth Control Catholics are no more interfering with the rights or liberties of anyone than they are

when they condemn lying and stealing. These latter sins are wrong in themselves, not from any Church edict; and artificial birth control is in the same class, because it also is harmful to others. In fact, artificial birth control is worse than mere lying and stealing, and is more akin to murder and suicide, since it deliberately deprives the family and the state of the members to which they are entitled."

Robert T. Malone of Lincoln, Nebraska, takes issue with Dr. Upham's claim that Catholic "interference" with the birth control movement is "a direct and dangerous invasion of civil rights." "If his words mean anything," says Mr. Malone, "they mean Catholics should be denied the right of petition granted to all under the Constitution."

Justin Freeman of Cincinnati, Ohio, says: "The Catholic injunction against contraception is not a 'special tenet of the Catholic faith.' Contraception is wrong not because the Church says so but because reason says so. It is *intrinsically* wrong because it is a direct violation of the natural law binding on men of all creeds. And since an act intrinsically wrong is never licit under any circumstances, all the arguments sociological, economical and sentimental promulgated by Dr. Upham and his cohorts can be dismissed without further discussion."

The Rev. Raymond Etteldorf, managing editor of the *Witness* of Dubuque, Iowa, says: "The teaching of the Catholic Church on the morality of birth control is not the same as its law forbidding meat on Fridays; the former is based on the natural law common to all humanity; the latter is a disciplinary measure binding only on those who are subject to the authority of the Catholic Church. To say that the Catholic attitude on contraceptive birth control is the same as if the Jews would ask all people to abstain from pork is therefore incorrect."

SIR: Having just read with satisfaction and pleasure the article published in the February issue of the *MERCURY* by Dr. Upham, entitled "Catholics and Birth Control," I wish to commend you. Dr. Upham has clearly shown that bias and not real reasoning has been to the fore in this matter and it is a source of great satisfaction that your magazine has the courage to present the matter to the public, the limited viewpoint hav-

ing been all too often allowed in print. Thank you for this courageous stand.

W. M. HOYT, M.D.,
Commissioner of Health

Hillsboro,
Ohio.

SIR: For a good many years I have taken an active part in the presentation of the program of planned parenthood, and I have read most of what has appeared in our periodicals concerning it. I think I have never before read as sound a defense of birth control as that which Dr. Upham gives in your February issue.

LAWRENCE K. WHITFIELD,
Minister, First Methodist Church

Canonsburg,
Pennsylvania.

SIR: I have just finished reading the excellent article on "The Catholics and Birth Control" by Dr. Upham in your February issue, and feel as though I should tell you that it is exceptionally good. You deserve much for printing it, and I sincerely hope the article will be widely read. Many of us experienced mothers are interested in furthering planned parenthood, and we are glad to see that you are too.

MRS. ARTHUR L. PERRY

Westerly,
Rhode Island.

SIR: I want to thank you and express my admiration for the article, "Catholics and Birth Control." It is an intelligent, civilized and completely fair statement of the case. In so far as facts pertaining to Massachusetts go, I know from personal experience and knowledge that Dr. Upham has adhered scrupulously to the truth. If you are subsequently threatened with reprisals and boycott as a result of daring to print it, please do not lose heart. The Catholic hierarchy is the most powerful fascist group in this country, and like the political fascists they taught, they do not hesitate to use the most unscrupulous weapons they can lay tongue or hand to in order to strangle freedom of speech and freedom of conscience.

MRS. H. L. MARINDIN

Longmeadow,
Massachusetts.

MACARTHUR FOR PRESIDENT?

We have received a number of letters taking issue with "General MacArthur — Fact and Legend," by John McCarten in the January MERCURY. To print them all — or even excerpts from all of them — would take more space than we can devote to the subject. Instead we are printing the letter below from an official of the MacArthur-for-President movement, which is typical and takes in many of the points covered by other letters.

SIR: Anyone has a perfect right to be against the Draft MacArthur for President without fear of the concentration camp. However, this does not justify Mr. McCarten's twelve-page tirade in the January MERCURY against those who believe that General MacArthur is possessed of the training and qualifications which peculiarly fit him to be President during the next four years in the fateful life of this nation; neither does it justify his vitriolic attack upon MacArthur's record as a soldier and one of the world's outstanding generals, of this or any other generation.

The strength of the Draft MacArthur for President Movement lies in its origin. It is a groundswell which is gaining momentum week by week, and springs from the intuitive determination of the people to preserve our constitutional government, rooted in the Christian ideals and principles proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence and reaffirmed in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. It springs from determination of a liberty-loving people not to lose their rights and liberties as free citizens on the home front while their sons fight to defend those rights and privileges against the aggressor on the foreign front.

Not since the founding of the Republican Party has it faced so great a challenge and so grave a responsibility as it is facing today. The future of our American way of life hangs in the balance. The Republican nominee for the Presidency and the program which it sets up must be one that will command the votes of the people in preference to that offered by Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Third Term President and the Fourth Term Candidate, with his New Dealism for the nation and, now, for the world.

* * *

We are proposing to draft General Douglas MacArthur as the nominee of the Republican Party because his experience and qualifications for handling the monumental tasks in both war and peace, at home and abroad, which the incoming President will face, distinguish him as the one

person whom the Republicans can nominate that can defeat Mr. Roosevelt, in spite of the New Deal slogan: "Don't Change the Commander-in-Chief." Our reasons for saying this are:

(1) General MacArthur has already won the confidence and gratitude of the people of the nation by the services he has rendered his country. His name is a household word throughout the land. The people would be voting for more than a Republican, they would be voting for a Great American. That is why one of the most highly respected and honored Republicans in the nation recently said, "If the Republicans nominate MacArthur, in my opinion, he will carry every state in the union, including the solid South."

(2) As Commander-in-Chief, General MacArthur would inspire new confidence and faith in our fighting forces throughout the world and in the hearts of the mothers, fathers, wives and sweethearts on the home front. He would also have the wholesome respect of the armed forces of our Allies, as well as our enemies. This is most important. The prestige of the nation is at stake at one of the most vital moments in its history.

(3) MacArthur's honor and integrity are above reproach. He is much more than a soldier. The high estimate that he places on spiritual values rules his life and is his guide in the everyday living of life. It finds expression in almost every public utterance he makes. Furthermore, he is known to be deeply devoted to constitutional government and to the fundamental principles upon which our Republic was founded, and for which the Republican Party, itself, was organized to preserve and defend.

(4) His scholastic attainments are outstanding. He is possessed of the seasoned and ripened wisdom that comes from years of education, training and a wide range of experience in the front-line trenches of life, not only in America, but in Europe and Asia as well. He knows the world and its peoples from first-hand contact as no other man whom the Republicans can nominate. Further:

more, he has the moral courage which the incoming President will greatly need.

(5) He is a tested and tried man. Few businessmen have had such extensive executive and administrative experience.

(6) As military aide to Theodore Roosevelt while President, for two years, and as chief-of-staff for four years under Herbert Hoover and one year under Franklin D. Roosevelt, he gained invaluable political experience in meeting and dealing with the political leaders of the nation, and, quoting Mr. McCarten, "as Chief-of-Staff . . . his influence was usually greater by far than that of the Secretaries of War under whom he served."

(7) As Chief Executive of the nation he would be amply qualified to match intellect, training, experience, wit and wisdom with seasoned war horses like Winston Churchill and Josef Stalin and other master statesmen, strategists and militarists of this very realistic and calculating world.

* * *

With MacArthur President and Commander-in-Chief of our armed forces, our fighting men would have the benefit of his military genius; our rights as citizens on the home front would be safe; our American interests throughout the world would be protected, and neither England nor Russia would run the show at the peace table. Furthermore, there would be no New Deal for the world set up with American taxpayers to pay the bills.

With MacArthur its nominee for the Presidency, the Republican Party could logically write upon its banner in words of fire that every citizen might read with understanding:

Make MacArthur Commander-in-Chief; and on with the war.

Reestablish Constitutional Processes. Reenthroned government of the people, by the people and for the people.

End, as un-American, all appeals to class and race hatred.

Out with all isms except Americanism.

Full protection for American rights and American interests throughout the world.

Forward, as a nation of sovereign citizens with inalienable rights, to new and greater achievements under an economy of free men and free

enterprise with justice to all and special privileges to none.

W. A. BARTLETT

*Chairman, Indiana MacArthur
for President Club*

*Muncie,
Indiana.*

WHAT AMERICAN LABOR WANTS

SIR: Elmo Roper's "What American Labor Wants" (February MERCURY) is the best down-to-earth piece I have seen in all the welter of labor-relations writing and speaking of recent years. This considered judgment is based on twenty years of personnel responsibility in a corporation with approximately 5000 employes — a fair cross section of the employed population, clerical and manual, skilled and unskilled. That experience could be elaborated as a twenty-year laboratory experiment; but that is another story.

If the Roper article could be made Item No. 1 in a Manual for Employers, and the manual made required reading — memorizing — by them, the capital *vs.* labor question would soon become one for purely academic discussion.

B. J. MULLANEY

*Fitzwilliam,
New Hampshire.*

SALUTE TO MR. DEVOE

SIR: For a long time I have been reading Alan Devoe's articles in your magazine. I certainly do not wish to be effusive, but in my deliberate judgment he is writing the best prose that has been written in this country for many a year. I am no naturalist, but while living in the country when I was a boy I had occasion to observe closely some of the animals that he has written about, and I think that the accuracy both of his research and report is well-nigh beyond criticism. But it is not only his factual accuracy that commends him, but also the simplicity and beauty of his prose.

LLOYD E. PRICE

*Fort Worth,
Texas.*



... a note about "UNDER COVER"



Long before "Under Cover" was published, John Roy Carlson wrote two articles on the subject of his book. They both appeared in The American Mercury—but let John Roy Carlson tell it:

"I shall always be grateful to The American Mercury for the courage and understanding it showed in publishing my two articles, 'Our Fascist Enemies Within' and 'Inside the America First Movement.' Frankly, I was amazed at the wide repercussion of those articles. The interest they aroused and the nationwide discussion they inspired encouraged me while I was writing my book, 'Under Cover.' That book swept the nation, and I believe stirred up a deep awareness of Fascist activities in this country.

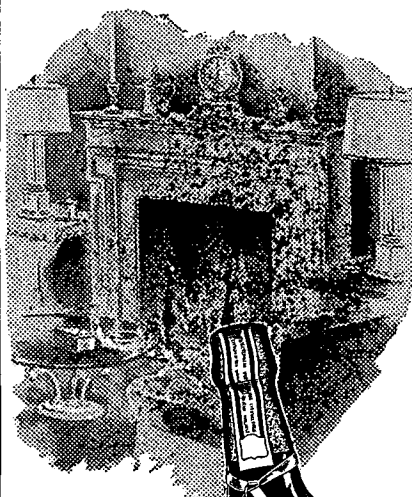
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CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 503)

have to read to the end to find out whether the police or Mr. Bowling win.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP, by Ludwig Bemelmans. \$2.50. *Viking*. A satiric novel of a rich South American who leaves the south of France because of the war and passes through New York *en route* to the ancestral hacienda. The characters are interesting and the satire timely, particularly the antics of the foreign refugees in New York, but the story as a whole seems disjointed.

IN BED WE CRY, by Ilka Chase. \$2.50. *Double-day, Doran*. A slick job on café society but why the pretty heroine, proprietress of Devonshire House, which out-Rubensteins Helena Rubenstein and out-Ardens Elizabeth Arden, didn't try to keep her attractive husband, instead of playing around with a European tom cat, remains a puzzle.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST, by Sally Benson. \$2.00. *Random House*. This new collection of short stories, which have already seen print in magazines, is not difficult to read in bits, but if read in one sitting, all the stories sound alike.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND, by Robert M. Coates. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. A collection of rather grim tales, competently written.

MISS SILVER DEALS WITH DEATH, by Patricia Wentworth. \$2.00. *Lippincott*. Miss Silver deals in her usual able manner with the murders at Vandeleur House, a mansion now remodeled into flats in wartime London. Humor and a good puzzle.

BEFORE I WAKE, by Margaret Echard. \$2.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. The heroine believes she sees the murder committed, but keeps mum over the identity even though she believes the murderer will silence her. An unusual story which will hold your interest.



NORMAN COUSINS

Editor, Saturday Review of Literature, writes:

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Your part in this fight won't be easy. It will mean foregoing luxuries, perhaps doing without a few necessities. Tough? Maybe . . . but don't say that where the veterans of Italy and New Britain can hear you!

You *want* to do your part, of course. So do we all . . . farmers, laborers, white-collar workers, business executives. And the way to do your part *right* now is to observe the following seven rules for Victory and a prosperous peace . . .

1. Buy only what you NEED. And before you buy anything, remember that patriotic little jingle: "Use it up. Wear it out. Make it do or do without."

2. Keep your OWN prices DOWN! If you sell goods, or your own time and labor, *don't ask for more money* than you absolutely must! No matter who tries

to talk you into asking more . . . *don't listen!*

3. No matter how badly you need something . . . never pay more than the posted ceiling price! Don't buy rationed goods without giving up the required coupons.

4. Pay your taxes cheerfully! Taxes are the cheapest way to pay for a war! The **MORE** taxes you pay now—when you have some extra money—the **LESS** taxes you'll pay later on!

5. Pay off old debts. Don't make any new ones! Get, *and stay*, square with the world!

6. Start a savings account. Make regular deposits, often! Buy life insurance. Keep your premiums paid up.

7. Buy War Bonds . . . regularly and often! And hold on to them! Invest every dime and dollar you don't actually **NEED** . . . even if it *hurts* to give those dimes and dollars up!

Use it up . . . Wear it out.
Make it do . . . Or do without.



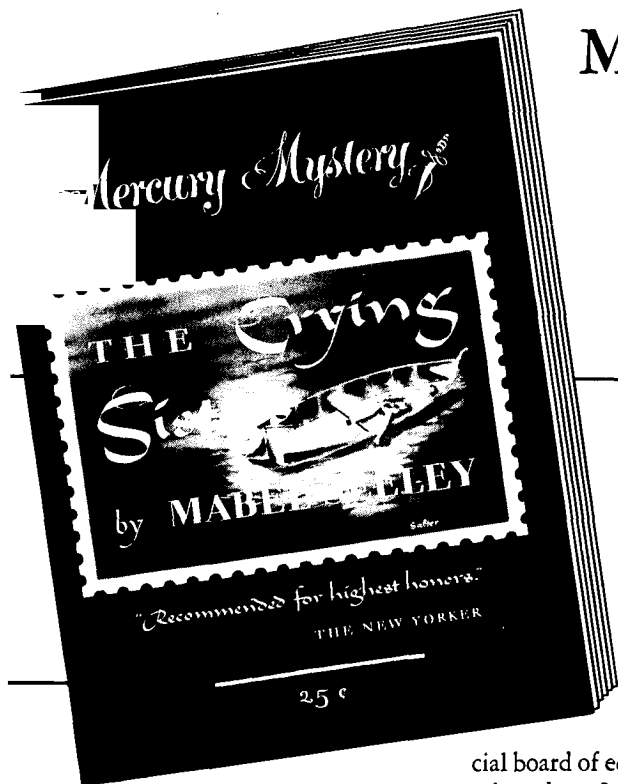
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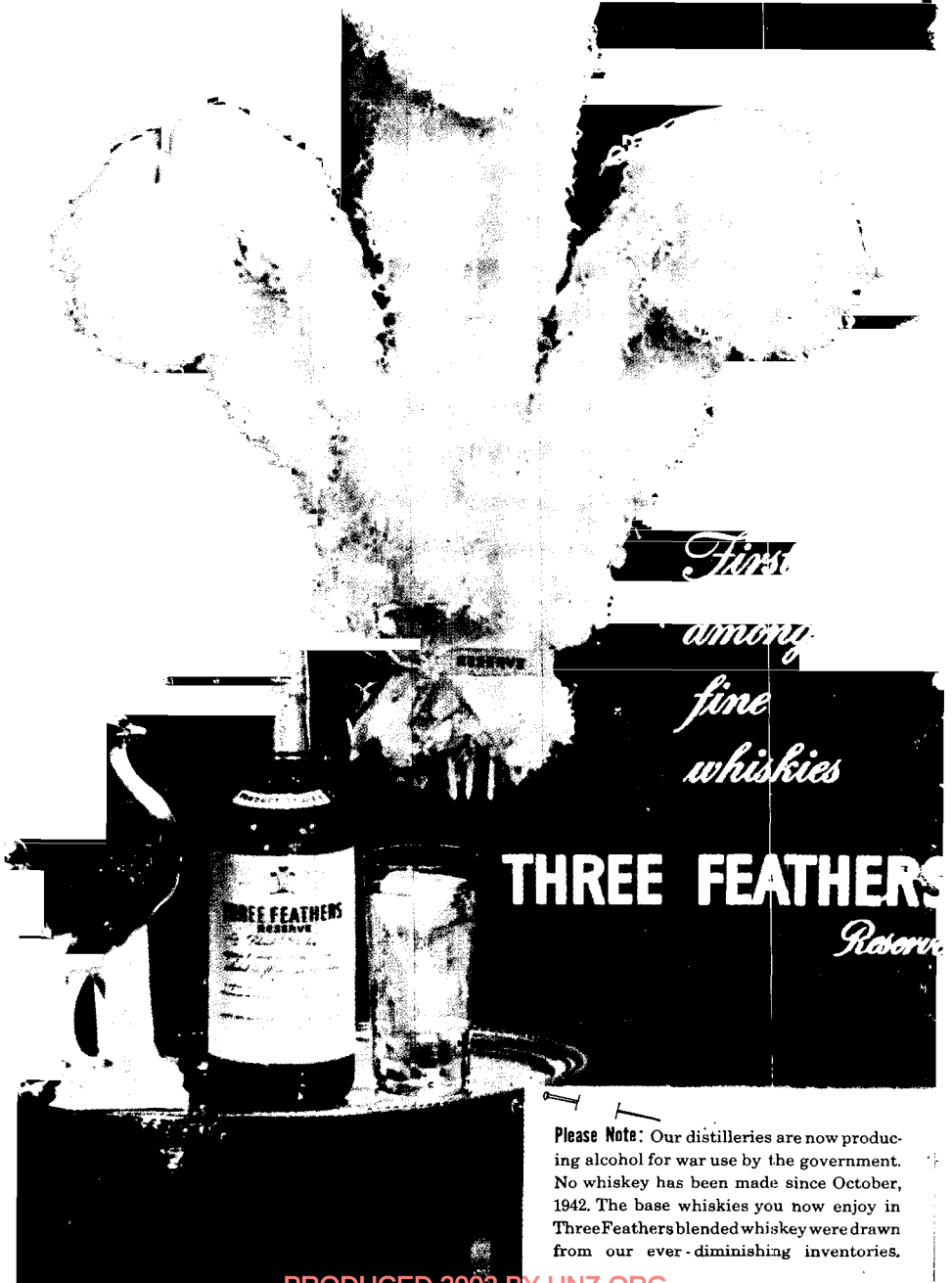
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